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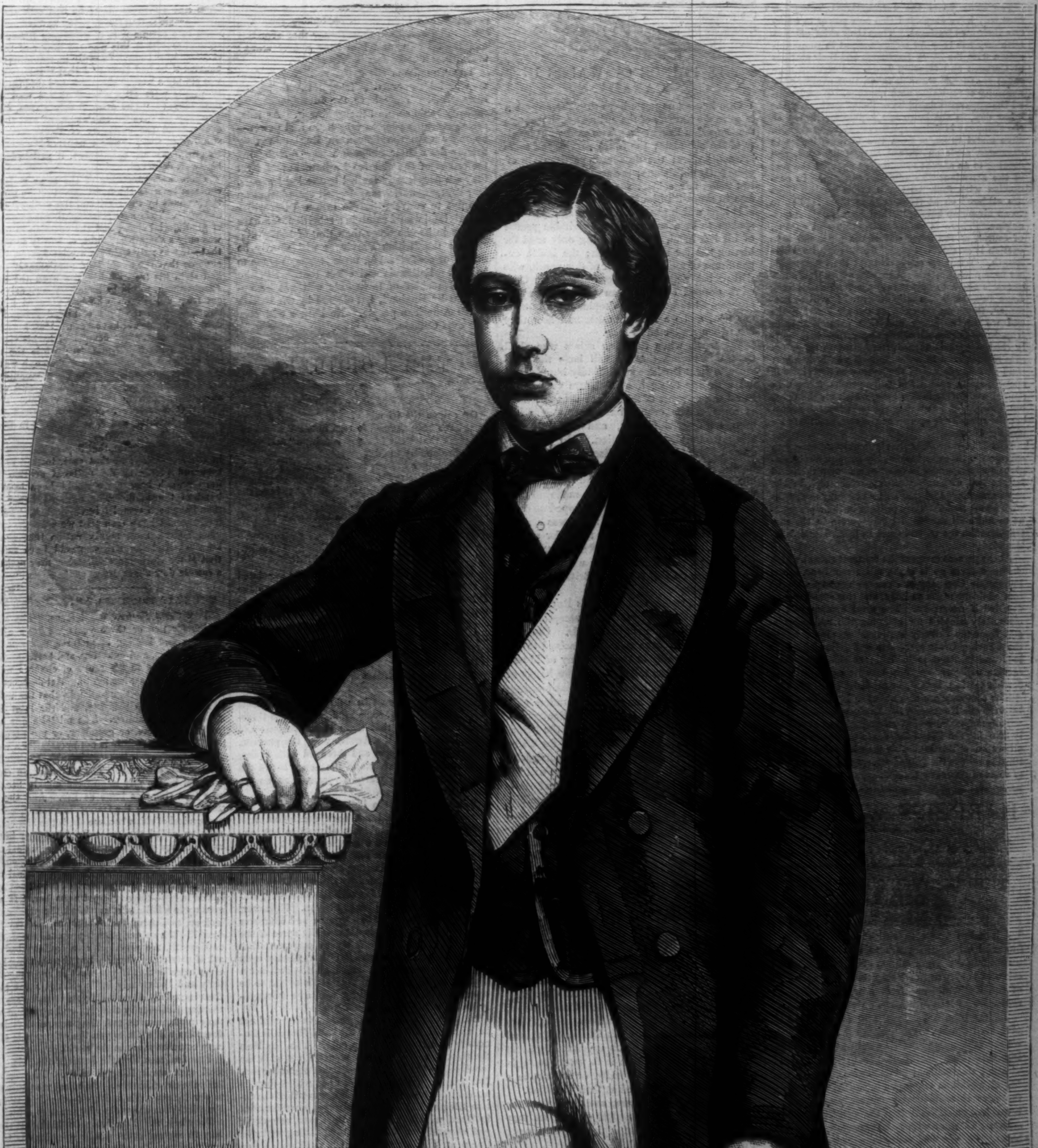


HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH JUST TAKEN BY WATKINS, OF LONDON.]

THE PRINCE OF WALES.

We publish on the preceding page a portrait of the Prince of Wales from a photograph taken by Watkins of Parliament Street, London, just before the Prince sailed from England. As the Prince is just now the hero of the day, our readers will probably be well pleased to compare this portrait with the one we published in our number of August 4, which was pronounced by the correspondents in company with the Prince to be an uncommonly good likeness.

THE SUCTION POST.

When a lounger, on a very hot day, sits down under an awning, and goes to work upon his sherry-cobbler, he notes with satisfaction how immediately and how smoothly the liquor glides up the straw upon the application of his lips to it. But the odds are that he never associated with this movement the Post-office or the London Parcels Delivery Company in any manner whatever. Yet the power at work in that straw is destined to revolutionize the machinery of those very important metropolitan associations.

For some years the International Telegraph Company have employed this new power to expedite their own business. Thus their chief office at Lothbury has been for some time put in communication with the Stock Exchange and their stations at Cornhill and Mincing Lane, and written messages are sucked through tubes, thus avoiding the necessity of repeating each message. We witnessed the apparatus doing its ordinary work, only the other day, in the large telegraphic apartment of the Company in Telegraph Street, Moorgate Street. Five metal tubes, of from two to three inches in diameter, are seen trained against the wall, and coming to an abrupt termination opposite the seat of the attendant who ministers to them. In connection with their butt-ends other smaller pipes are soldered on at right angles; these lead down to an air-pump below, worked by a small steam-engine. There is another air-pump and engine, of course, at the other end of the pipe, and thus suction is established to and fro through its whole length. While we are looking at the largest pipe we hear a whistle; this is to give notice that a dispatch is about to be put into the tube at Mincing Lane, two-thirds of a mile distant. It will be necessary, therefore, to exhaust the air between the end we are watching and that point. A little trap-door—the mouth of the apparatus—is instantly shut, a cock is turned, the air-pump below begins to suck, and in a few seconds you hear a soft thud against the end of the tube—the little door is opened, and a cylinder of gutta-percha, incased in flannel, about four inches long, which fits the tube, but loosely, is immediately ejected upon the counter; the cylinder is opened at one end, and there we find the dispatch.

Now it is quite clear that it is only necessary to enlarge the tubes and to employ more powerful engines and air-pumps in order to convey a thousand letters and dispatches, book parcels, etc., in the same manner. And this a new company are forthwith about to do. They propose in their prospectus to unite all the district post-offices in the metropolis with the central office in Saint Martin's-le-Grand.

At the present moment the contract rate at which the mail-carts go is eight miles per hour. The Pneumatic Company can convey messages at the rate of thirty miles an hour, and this speed can be doubled if necessary. The same system will be ultimately adopted for bringing the mail-bags to and from the railway stations. A pipe between the Charing Cross post-office and Saint Martin's-le-Grand is about to be laid; so that the public service will very speedily test its capabilities, if further testing, indeed, be needed.

The company are also about to lay down a pipe between the Docks and the Exchange, for the conveyance of samples of merchandise, thus practically bringing the Isle of Dogs into Cornhill; and for all we know this invention may hereafter be destined to relieve the gorged streets of the metropolis of some of its heavy traffic.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, August 25, 1860.

THE RECOVERY FROM THE CRISIS.

COMMERCIAL movements are always slow; it takes years to collect materials for a financial crisis, and years to set in order the scaffolding for a new edifice of prosperity. The crisis of 1857 was inevitable from the outbreak of the Crimean war; it is now 1860, and the real work of restoration has only just begun.

It has begun, however, and for that let us give God thanks. On whichever side we look we see evidences of reviving animation, increasing enterprise, increased production, restored vitality, re-established confidence. The number of workmen employed in the New England factories is considerably greater than has ever been known heretofore; the consumption of cotton and wool will, it is expected, this year, be thirty-three per cent. in excess of that of any previous year. The yield of wheat in the West is over twenty-five per cent. more than the harvest of 1856, the largest harvest on record; corn is expected to show a still larger increase. Cotton may not do, this year, as well as last, in consequence of the severe summer drought; but the crop will certainly be in excess of that of any previous year except 1859. The railroad interest is mending rapidly; the average receipts show an increase of from forty to sixty per cent. over last year. More ships and steamers are being built than usual; it is evident that new struggles are going to be made with England for the supremacy of the seas. The mines—iron, coal, lead, and gold—are yielding more metal than they have done for years.

Thus we are once more on the advancing wave of prosperity. How long the tide may flow before the ebb comes depends on the common sense and discretion of the people at large. If people generally become elated at the prospect of prosperity, and begin to spend as much as or more than they earn; if the increase of wealth leads to an excessive expansion of credit, and every one begins to run in debt with a view to future fortunes; if our women insist on squandering upon dress and household luxuries the sums which they spent in 1856 and the early part of 1857, it is evident that our race will be short, and that a fresh financial crisis will speedily overtake us. Nothing but caution, prudence, economy, and habits of saving among individuals, can render the present condition permanent. The choice rests with the people: they must decide.

THE PRINCE OF WALES IN CANADA.

Our humorous poets have thus far forgotten to seize the humors of the Prince's tour through the Canadian Provinces. The exuberant loyalty of the colonists; the funny servility of some learned bodies; the desperate partisanship of some petty politicians; the agonies of the Prince lest some fair subject should presume to walk arm in arm with him in the dance; the inexorable laws which guard the Prince against being spoken to by a subject; the inevitable proffer of his left hand, the right being only used for kissing not for shaking hands; the lavish expenditure of money in honor of this youth, who will probably gaze with more interest on Canada's natural beauties than on her triumphal arches—all these are rare topics for a humorous pen, and we hardly understand how they have been neglected so long.

We trust, when the Man arises who shall treat this theme, that he will have the good sense to treat it with genial kindly humor, and not with any thing like ill-nature or venom. In all the progress of the Prince thus far, droll as some of the events have been, there has been nothing ridiculous, and certainly nothing demanding reprobation. He has conducted himself with rare discretion and judgment. His replies to addresses have not by any means been stereotyped, and have all been sensible and judicious. He has made no mistakes; hurt no one's feelings; damped no one's enthusiasm. Perhaps there never was a royal progress which left so little room for serious criticism. If the Prince, when he comes to reign over Great Britain, is as well advised as he has been on this tour, the British will be a fortunate people.

The most trying ordeal for his Royal Highness is to come, however. His reception here will test the judgment of his friends. Our New York aristocracy have met and resolved to entertain him grandly in the Academy of Music. The matter is thus taken out of the hands of the Common Council, which is a great blessing; but there is a wide margin for blunders even under this system. No little difficulty will arise from the *incognito* under which the Prince will travel. What excuse is there for feting Baron Renfrew? How far are the barriers of etiquette to be thrown down? What will the Prince say to his New York entertainers? We trust that all these matters may be carefully thought of in advance, and that nothing may occur to mar a reception which should be perfect in its way. The spirit exists here to do the Prince honor worthily; let us hope that the expression may be felicitous.

THE LABOR QUESTION.

Lord John Russell has at last found out—what every one here knew long ago—that the British Coolie trade is merely the slave-trade in disguise; that poor Chinamen are kidnapped by crimps at Canton, Macao, and elsewhere, and shipped perforce on board Coolie ships; that the horrors of "the middle passage" are daily renewed on board the Coolie ships; and that the colonial authorities appointed by Great Britain to enforce certain laws passed to regulate the trade have generally, or at least in a great many cases, winked at their violation.

There is progress here, and now that the truth is known in the proper quarter we may hope that the application of the proper remedy will not be long delayed.

In the mean while we may be permitted to put the ever-recurring question—what are the tropics to do for labor? In the West India Islands, and in the tropical regions of this continent, there are millions of acres of the most fertile lands in the world lying idle for want of labor. In the North the same want is supplied by the volunteer labor of Irishmen and Germans, who come here sometimes two hundred thousand in a year. The Southern country is not adapted for these races; it was meant for the dark races—the negro, the Chinaman, and the Hindoo. How are they to be imported? They do not know enough to come voluntarily. To import them by force is the slave-trade, which is piracy. How, then, are they to be had?

A KING FOR CANADA.

Some of our contemporaries, moralizing on the progress of the Prince of Wales through the British Provinces, predict that he will shortly be inaugurated as Viceroy of United British North America. Those who hold this opinion do not understand the temper of the colonists. They are intensely loyal—in words, and as against foreign nations, such as the United States. But as between themselves and Great Britain they are, and ought to be, imbued with a very strong local patriotism and a decided jealousy of British interference. For nearly twenty years, indeed ever since self-government was inaugurated in Canada, each successive English governor has been more unpopular than the last. The best English governor they ever had was Lord Elgin, and him they nearly stoned to death. The reason is very simple.

The Canadians are at heart thorough freemen and Democrats. They want to govern themselves. They have the intelligence and capacity to do so, and they know it. As it is, their governors possess very little real power—no more than the Queen in England; they merely draw their $30,000 a year for obeying the orders of the elective Parliament; and yet they are perpetually reviled by the local papers. Our contemporaries may depend upon it that an attempt to convert Canada into a Viceroyalty like Ireland would result in a rebellion, far more serious in its character than that of 1837-'8.

That the British Provinces will shortly be united or confederated, there is every reason to believe. Railroads will effect that. But the executive chief of the whole will not be appointed by England, but elected by the British North American people. No Prince will ever rule over Canada.

THE LOUNGER.

AN EXPLANATION.

Of course the friends of Mr. Page the painter must have been amazed to read in the Lounger of last week that Page is a "gay painter" and "believes profoundly in advertising."

The Lounger hastens to explain that the article called "The Picture" should have followed the one called "The Merry Painter," and that it is to the latter that the "gay," etc., refer. No man could more utterly disregard what is known as "advertising" than William Page.

THE CITY DINING THE PRINCE.

A meeting of New York citizens has appointed a committee to take charge of an ovation to the Prince of Wales. The list includes the most eminent men of letters, clergymen, lawyers, and merchants of every kind in the city. It is strictly a representative list, and has no flavor of a clique; and the experiment will now be fairly tried whether it is possible to have a public reception of a distinguished guest which is worthy of him and of the city.

Of course there must be a dinner. There must be a public eating of some kind. And it is therefore a good thing that there is so spacious and splendid a hall as the Academy for the purpose. Brilliantly illuminated and thronged with ladies, making hanging gardens of the boxes above the guests, it will be as pretty a spectacle as we are likely to see there.

But why should the ladies be confined to the boxes? Why should not each gentleman who buys a ticket to the table be allowed to buy one for a lady also? Then when the table tickets were all sold, the after-comers must be content to go up stairs and look on. The fine effect of the spectacle will be greatly heightened by the mingling of the bright toilets of the ladies with the sombre regulation black broadcloth of the gentlemen. Moreover, it is intended to have the elegance and character of a private party. It is not a public spree of the Boole kind, and it may fairly be presumed that there will be no apprehension of irregularity upon the part of the guests at the banquet. It is not a partisan or political assembly. It is meant to be a pure festival of good feeling; and to be thoroughly such, the ladies must be there.

There is no reason to suppose that they will not be, except that it is rather the habit for public dinners to be composed of men only. This has been the rule, of course, because men did not wish the inevitable restraint of the society of the other sex. But this is the very occasion upon which they do want it. We all want it. We want that the future King of England shall always remember that he dined with hundreds of Americans, as quietly and elegantly as if he had been dining with the Court at Windsor Castle. Oh, Jenkins, do you think the thing possible?

And oh, Jenkins, couldn't you say a word to the orators? Let us have it thick, but not too thick. Let it be distinctly stated that we are one family; that we have a common language, common interests, and common religion; that Shakespeare and Milton belong to both of us; and that joining our hands we are to bless the world:—let that all be set forth at length and with velvet eloquence. Then let us stop talking, clear away the tables, and fall to dancing. The Prince is fond of it. You told us that he danced eleven times one evening, and that, too, after dinner. And "he rests his partners frequently." That is another great point.

It is suggested that it is not the custom in England to admit ladies to public dinners, and it would strike the Prince as "odd." So it might, but we thought New York was in America.

A GREAT EVENT.

As I passed up the East River on an afternoon of last week I saw upon the shore opposite Blackwell's Island a crowd of men and women clustering upon the rocks that overhang the water, and sitting and sauntering among the trees. The bits of green grass seen from the river had the aspect of lawns. The trees were stately and full-leaved. There were graceful inequalities of surface, and the people scattered every where had a peaceful air of tranquil happiness. There were buildings also, and benches, and a platform. Altogether it was a very pretty pastoral sight. There was something in it to remind a spectator of Claude's pictures.

And if a man had looked in under the silken canopy which stretched over the old Roman Coliseum like a firmament—if he had seen the myriads of people sitting there, rising upward and backward into remote tiers of glittering life—and had remembered that this was the flower of the most civilized of nations, how sadly he would have been puzzled if he had been told that this festive scene was simply a human shambles, and that these pretty people were all gathered to see men murder each other! "The doomed salute thee, Cæsar!" You may see it in Gerome's picture, and seeing it, comprehend the bestiality of Rome, and understand why, when it had conquered the world, and its prosperity had culminated, it perished miserably, as it deserved.

There was something of the same melancholy contrast between the festal aspect of the groups in the grounds by the river and the occasion of their assembly. To be sure prize-fighting is another kind of gladiatorial show, and the occasion in question was only a sham prize-fight, or hardly so much as that—it was only to honor a prize-fighter. Let us suppose that the affable and gentlemanly pugilist had slain his foe with his fists upon the field of Farnborough, would he have been seriously different from a gladiator who had plunged his short sword through the body of his adversary? Undoubtedly he would have been. How? Because the old gladiator was compelled by his victors to fight with his fellow-prisoner; while the affable and gentlemanly fighter of Farnborough would, in the case supposed, have slain his antagonist without compulsion, utterly unsolicited, and without any offense upon the part of his victim. There is just that difference between the ancient and the modern gladiator, and it is infinitely in favor of the former.

And suppose, again, that Sayers had been killed in the ring—why, in that case, instead of thirty thousand people at the national ovation to the Farnborough hero there would have been three hundred thousand. The national honor would then have been completely vindicated. The whole world would have seen that we were the bravest, most honest, most manly nation that was ever known. And the Druses would have said, "If that is the Christian civilization they make such a row-de-dow about, let us strike again!"

THE LAST TRIUMPH OF "PRACTICAL MEN."

The *Great Eastern* has left us. The ship of which for two or three years we have all been reading, and looking at pictures, and wondering, and laughing, and doubting, and betting—she has gone now, and in the range of chances we shall probably never see her again. Her designer seems to have made the same mistake that the unhappy Haydon made in painting, and the later Roman sculptors in moulding. The mistake was in supposing that force, or grandeur, or use necessarily lay in *size*. A picture is not necessarily a work of high art because it is a certain subject painted upon an enormous canvas. The statue of an emperor was not heroic and impressive merely because it was four times as large as life. And the *Great Eastern* is neither the fastest, nor safest, nor most economical of ships because she is the biggest. She may be called the great British folly; but, like many things so called, she has a great deal that is excellent and memorable to look back upon.

But how about our friends the "practical men?" They built her—they subscribed for her—they believed in her—they bragged upon her. If a poet goes up in a balloon of any kind, the practical men look on, and shrug their shoulders, and cry "poor devil!" If a subscription is proposed for Garibaldi or Kossuth, the practical men squint wisely, and ask if patriotism pays? But the amusing fact of experience is that if you want to see projects utterly and ludicrously futile—if you want to hear theories wildly absurd—if you want to see fancy running riot—study the practical men, and watch their performances, and the poets, and fools, and dreamers will seem to you the only people of ordinary common sense in the world.

Practical men blew the South Sea bubble. Practical men made King Hudson. Practical men built the *Great Eastern*. Practical men subscribed to our innumerable railroads—the Erie included. Practical men allow the city taxes to crawl up to a dizzy height. Practical men think that the true way to answer great public questions is to hold your tongue. Practical men think, when the deluge begins, that it isn't going to be much of a shower. And then practical men go home and forbid the marriage of daughter Mary with young Matthew Melody, because he does not know the value of money—because he is not a practical man.

In Scott's "Antiquary," Sir Arthur Wardour is a practical man. How he laughs at the old visionary Oldbuck! Yes—and how easily Dousterswivel, with his incantations and divining-rods, leads Sir Arthur by the nose!

It will do no harm to preach this little sermon from that tremendous text of the *Great Eastern.* We Loungers and other useless people have plenty of time to study the actions of practical men, and to perceive why it is that they esteem us so lightly. It is because they are busy with *Great Easterns* and other great works. They triumphantly ask, "While lounging through life is all very well, what dividend does lounging divide? Tell us that, for we are practical men." And the *Great Eastern*—and the Atlantic Cable—what is their dividend? Do you think Dousterswivel is dead? Don't you individually know that Sir Arthur is living?

And so a prosperous voyage to the great ship!

AN IMPERIAL LETTER.

The real power and character of Louis Napoleon are shown in nothing he has ever done more fully than in his late letter to M. Persigny, the French Embassador in England. It is a letter unique in history. It shows that the Emperor of France feels so secure on his throne, and so essentially strong that he may tread upon the elaborate forms and ceremonious delays of diplomacy, and say directly, as one man to another, precisely what he thinks and means.

That he may be telling an untruth is possible. That is always possible when a man speaks. But the simplicity, clearness, and frankness with which he states his points are beyond praise, as they are beyond precedent in such correspondence.

The traditional fear of England is that France will descend upon her coasts and actually occupy London. It is a disease of terror which periodically shows itself. The Nestor of the English peers rose last year and shook his warning finger. The nation took the alarm. It saw in the Italian war only an army drill in the field—only an excuse for assembling and marshaling the army, to descend suddenly upon England. It began to form volunteer companies. The drum rattled, the fife shrieked, throughout the kingdom. Latterly we have read the accounts of the reviews in London—of the heroic pulling by the Queen of the string that fired a rifle—and finally, the speech of Lord Palmerston asking for extraordinary means to put the nation in a state of defense.

Directly upon that speech comes the letter of Louis Napoleon. It sounds like the voice of a man in a hubbub of children. "Let us understand one another in good faith, like honest men as we are, and not like thieves who desire to cheat each other." It is clear that Louis Napoleon, dealing with the solemn formality of English diplomacy, is like to get the answer that Mr. Clennan got at the Circumlocution office: "Look here! upon my soul, you mustn't come into the place saying you want to know, you know." The Emperor of France deliberately does want to know, you know, and England is aghast.

Upon the whole, and whatever doubt of his honesty may be cast upon this letter, Louis Napoleon has certainly shown his entire superiority to the system of British statesmanship. While the English gentlemen grope and flounder and listen for the French cannon in the Channel—while it is as firm a faith among the people of England that a Bonaparte is coming to eat them up as it used to be that King Arthur was not dead—the ruler of France smiles and tells them not to be frightened; trying to convince them that a man who, at this day, finds himself Emperor of France, has other work on hand than "humbling England" because his Uncle Napoleon died at St. Helena. Some things may be considered settled: among them, for instance, that twice two are four; that England can never permanently occupy France, and *vice versa;* and that the present condition of civilization forbids any struggle between those two nations upon such a point as revenge for Waterloo. It may be said with the utmost truth that Louis Napoleon has always stated precisely what he meant, so far as England was concerned—that the event has always justified his words, and that the incessant English terror of a French invasion is due to their own skepticism of their professed amity. England takes the hand of France, and holds it doubtingly; France takes the hand of England, and holds it honestly.

"In Heaven's name," says Napoleon, "let the eminent men who are placed at the head of the English Government lay aside petty jealousies and unjust mistrusts." It need not lay them aside because Louis Napoleon promises fairly, but because his deeds have hitherto justified his words.

HAS A MAN A RIGHT TO HIS OWN?

My dear Lounger,—I have a profound respect for the rights of men, but I am perplexed just now, and depend upon you to relieve me. The point is this: Is it part of the rights of other men to trample upon mine? or have I, as the proprietor of a pretty country place, no rights at all? After working hard at my business for many years, I accumulated money enough to purchase a small, but, as I think, very pleasant place, within less than two hundred miles of New York. As I meant to live all the year in the country, I thought "it would be a good thing," as Mr. Sparrowgrass says, to have a house tolerably near some summer resort or small watering-place, that the monotony might be relieved, and I found just the place.

Indeed, Mr. Lounger—and permit me to pause to say it—is it not remarkable that, if any body advertises for a very particular object, of any kind whatsoever—from a penknife with a cork-screw in the handle to a country seat upon the water, with an old lawn, a maple grove, and all city conveniences—there is always somebody sure to respond that, by the rarest luck in the world, he happens to have the very thing in question, which, for private reasons, he was just ready to part with for half its value? It *is* remarkable, isn't it?

Well, I bought my place (as above), and it *was* pleasant and convenient. But when the summer came, and the visitors came with it to the watering-place, they seemed to imagine that they had bought a right to the whole neighborhood with their eighteen dollars a week. That sum really entitled them to a small whitewashed cell, with a small bedstead, one table (unsteady upon its legs), one wooden chair, one ditto wash-stand, and one square looking-glass, with a free use of the horsehair rocking-chair and rattling piano in the public parlor. And if they chose to add to this their share of the dust on the highway, it was all right, and nobody complained.

But the joke is—I mean the misery is—that these people seem to have left all idea of private property behind them. They respect my gate and my neighbor's no more than the robin who flies over them. They walk about my grounds as freely, pick my flowers, and eat my fruit as generously as if they were not mine at all, but belonged to the first comer. I very soon put up boards painted with large, ugly letters—"No Admission," "Private Grounds," "Not open to the Public," etc.—but without the least result. Then I locked my gate—and it was broken down! And palings were pulled off to let women through more easily! My place was overrun. My peace was gone. My wife was indignant. My daughters in the sulks; for they could never get a rose-bud from the bushes. So I bought a bull-dog. Unhappily he was as dangerous to the family as to any stranger. So when he arrived I took lodgings near by, at a high rate, for my wife and the children, and gave the brute free range of the grounds. After two days I returned to spy the land—and behold, the bull-dog dead—poisoned, I have reason to believe, with strychnine in a chop.

Then I resolved to be my own bull-dog. I put up fresh notices, and I posted myself with a huge club in the garden walks. Presently, on a bright morning, come a jaunty party, chatting and frolicking. They are three ladies and one gentleman. As they approach me I sally out severely. The young ladies make some smothered joke upon my appearance. I take the gentleman aside, and say to him, imperiously, "Don't you know that these are private grounds? You will please to move off immediately."

Mr. Lounger, what do you think the man does? He pulls out his card, hands it to me, says that I have insulted him, and challenges me!

I write merely for information. I only want to know whether the wretched people who own country-places near summer resorts have any right to them at all; and whether, when a vulgar cockney hires his three-legged pine table in his hot white cell, he also buys the entire region round.

Yours, Benoni Stocking.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

An ancient monster hints that possibly long trains were worn to hide large feet—a sneer which is indulged in by a third insulting creature, a fiend in poet's form, who tells us:

"I knowe a maydene fayre to see:
Take care! take care!
Her robe is long—as hir feete may be:
Bewa-are! Bewa-are!
All ye who wolde hir suitors be,
Truste not to more than ye can see!"

THE PAPAL BRIGADIER'S RETURN.

The Irish Boy is come back from Rome,
In a seedy suit you'll find him:
He brings large holes in his breeches home,
And his coat slit up behind him.
"Land of bosh!" cried the downy card,
"Though priests may howl, be aisy:
Some lads have cut the papal guard—
Some greenhorns, duped, not crazy."

The Boy was done, but the Papal chain
Could not keep his shrewd soul under;
The swag he expected he didn't gain;
So he found he'd made a blunder.
And said, "No Pope shall humbug me;
My soul abhors base knavery.
I'll never fight, gratis, against the Free,
For Popery and for Slavery!"

With reference to George IV.'s known dislike to Peel, and contempt for his plebeian origin, and supposed want of "taste," Sydney Smith used to tell this story:

"Peel, when in the ministry, and on a visit at the Brighton Pavilion, was called out of bed in the middle of the night to attend his Majesty in what—his dinner having disagreed with him in a very alarming manner—the King supposed to be his last moments. Peel was much affected; and the King, after a few words, which he could scarcely utter, said,

"'Go, my dear Peel—God bless you! I shall never see you again.' And as Peel turned to leave the room, he added, faintly, 'Who made that dressing-gown, my dear Peel? It sits very badly behind. God bless you, my dear fellow! Never employ that tailor again.'"

At a dinner-party at Lord Lyndhurst's, at which Sydney Smith was present, the conversation turned on the custom, in India, of widows burning themselves, an instance of which was recent. When the subject was pretty well exhausted, Smith began to defend the practice, asserting that no wife who truly loved her husband could wish to survive him.

"But, if Lord Lyndhurst were to die, you would be sorry that Lady Lyndhurst should burn herself?"

"Lady Lyndhurst," he replied, "would, no doubt, as an affectionate wife, consider it her duty to burn herself, but it would be our duty to put her out; and, as the wife of the Lord Chancellor, Lady Lyndhurst should not be put out like an ordinary widow. It should be a state affair. First, a procession of the judges, and then of the lawyers."

"But where, Mr. Smith, are the clergy?"

"All gone to congratulate the new Chancellor."

Throw a piece of meat among bears and a purse of gold among men, and which will behave most outrageously—the men or the beasts?

"What is meant by the deflection of the needle?" asked a dominie of a female pupil.

"When it runs up into the quick of the nail," was the ready reply.

Lady Yarmouth asked Garrick one day why Love was always represented as a child? He replied, "Because Love never reaches the age of wisdom and experience."

Mr. Harris "was never more s-s-sober in the whole course of his life," but when his friend Jones asked him to take a chair, he said he would "wait till one came round."

What part of a ship is like a farmer?—The tiller.

"Is your city a healthy one, Sir?"

"Oh yes; medicines are drugs there."

Study the Face.—A story is told of the great French satirist, which finely illustrates his knowledge of human nature. He was traveling in Germany, in entire ignorance of its language and currency. Having obtained some small change for some of his French coins, he used to pay coachmen and others in the following manner: Taking a handful of the numismatical specimens from his pocket, he counted them, one by one, into the creditor's hands, keeping his eye fixed all the time on the receiver's face. As soon as he perceived the least twinkle of a smile he took back the last coin deposited in the hand, and returned it, with the remainder, to his pocket. He afterward found that in pursuing this method he had not overpaid for any thing.

The following trifling anecdote is given as an illustration of Charles Lamb's playfulness:

"I dined with him one day at Mr. Gillman's. Returning to town in the stage-coach, which was filled with Mr. Gillman's guests, we stopped for a minute or two at Kentish Town. A woman asked the coachman, 'Are you full inside?' Upon which Lamb put his head through the window, and said, 'I am quite full inside; that last piece of pudding at Mr. Gillman's did the business for me.'"

The tongue discovers the state of the mind no less than that of the body; in either case, before the philosopher or the physician can judge, the patient *must open his mouth.*

"Tickets, Sir!"—A good story is related of a conductor on a railroad, who was a strict church-going man, and was always found promptly in his church on the Sabbath. One Saturday evening his train was in very late, and he did not take his customary amount of sleep, which, however, did not prevent his attending Divine service as usual. During the sermon he unwittingly fell into a troubled sleep, soothed by the monotonous voice of the clergyman. All at once he sprang from his seat, thrust his hat under his arm, and giving his neighbor in front a push, shouted, "Ticket, Sir!" The startled neighbor also sprang to his feet, which thoroughly aroused the conductor, who, looking wildly around, and seeing all eyes turned toward him, instantly comprehended his position, and "slid," amidst a suppressed titter from the whole congregation.

"John, you seem to gain flesh every day; the grocery business must agree with you. What did you weigh last?"

"Well, Simon, I really don't know; but it strikes me it was a pound of butter."

A Frenchman, intending to compliment a young lady by calling her a gentle lamb, said, "She is one mutton as is small."

A late well-known member of the Scottish bar, when a youth, was somewhat of a dandy, and rather short and sharp in his temper. He was going to pay a visit in the country, and was making a great fuss about the preparing and putting up of his habiliments. His old aunt was much annoyed at all this bustle, and stopped him by the somewhat contemptuous question,

"Whaur's this your gaun, Robby, that ye mak sic a grand ware about your claes?"

The young man lost his temper, and pettishly replied:

"I am going to the devil."

"'Deed, Robby, then," was the quiet answer, "ye needna be sae nice; he'll just tak ye as ye are."

Hint to Travelers.—"Do you see this stick, Sir?" said a very stupid acquaintance to Sydney Smith. "This stick has been all round the world, Sir."

"Indeed," said the remorseless Sydney; "and yet it is only a stick!"

The story is venerable, but pertinent.

A young ensign of a regiment, residing in lodgings the sitting-room of which was very small, was visited by one of his fashionable friends, who, on taking leave, said, "Well, Charles, and how much longer do you mean to stop in this nutshell?" To which he wittily replied, "Until I become a kernel."

A young man becoming engaged recently, was desirous of presenting his intended with a ring appropriately inscribed, but being at a loss what to have engraved on it, called upon his father for advice. "Well," said the old man, "put on, 'When this you see remember me.'" The young lady was much surprised, a few days after, at receiving a beautiful ring, with this inscription: "When this you see remember *father!*"

ON A LADY WITH BRIGHT EYES AND A LOUD VOICE.

Miss *Blank* is made of fearful stuff,
Her eyes excite your wonder;
But then her voice—so loud and rough—
It splits your head asunder;
You bear her *lightning* well enough,
But who can stand her *thunder?*

A wag, named Tracy, was one evening accosted by a lady named Grimes, thus:

"How is it, my dear Mr. Tracy,
That after T you are so racy?"

To which he replied:

"Because, you see, at various times,
If we leave out G we thus have *rimes.*"

1st Burglarious Professional. "Ain't they put out them lights yet, Jim?"

2d ditto. "Not a bit on it; all the winders is blazin' away as if they didn't never mean to put 'em out at all!"

1st ditto. "Wot a shame to keep a feller out of his bed in this way! Why can't they go to bed like Christians?" [*Time,* 3 a.m.]

A man who has a heart of iron can at least boast of always having metal in his chest.

The best of us sometimes fall into traps and scrapes when least expected. The residents at Court are not exempt from this danger, and it was most humorously exemplified at B—— Palace only a few nights since. A most distinguished and illustrious personage sometimes employs herself by making verses to amuse the royal children. The amiable lady in question had just completed a couplet, of which she herself had but an indifferent opinion, when Colonel P—— entered. "See, Colonel," said the amiable mother, "what trash they send me to read!" The Hon. Colonel, having read it, said, "Your M——y is perfectly in the right; it is so." "Did you ever read any thing so vile?" "Never, upon my word." "I am happy you tell your mind candidly. I wrote it myself." "Your M——y!" said the Colonel, in confusion, "I read it very hastily." "No, no, Colonel, first thoughts are commonly the best. I agree with you, and I shall therefore commit the poem to the flames."

A verdant Irish girl just arrived was sent to an intelligence office by the Commissioner of Emigration to find a place at service. She was sent to a restaurant, where "a stout help" was wanted, and while in conversation with the proprietor, he took occasion to light his cigar by igniting a Vesuvian match on the sole of his boot. As soon as she saw this, she ran away half frightened to death, and when she reached the office was almost out of breath. "Why, what is the matter with you?" said the proprietor, seeing her rush in with such confusion. "Och, sure, Sir, but ye's sint me to the auld Nick himself in human form." "What does he mean? has he dared to insult a help from my office?" inquired the man. "Yes, Sur," returned the girl, "he's the auld Nick!" "What did he do? Tell me, and I'll fix him for it," said he, quite exasperated. "Why, Sur, while I was talking to him about the wages, he turned up the bottom of his fut, and wid a splinter in his finger, Sur, he just gave one stroke, and the fire flew out of his fut, and burned the stick, and he lighted his cigar with it, right afore my own face! He's the auld Nick, shure, Sur!"

A Message to Cook.—"Mary, this *hoister* sauce is quite cold. Missus has sent me down with it, and says you must 'eat it directly, and bring it up again."

"Doctor," said an old lady, the other day, to her family physician, "kin you tell me how it is that some folks is born dumb?"

"Why—hem!—why, certainly, madam," replied the doctor; "it's owing to the fact that they came into the world without speech."

"La, me!" remarked the old lady. "Now just see what it is to have a physic edication; I've axed my old man more'n a hundred times that ar same thing!"

Next to "twenty-four grains," there is nothing like a mean man's pocket to make a penny wait.

A man winds up his clock to make it run, and his business to make it stop.

One of the most dangerous of all levelers is the man with a gun in his hand.

When does a man sneeze three times?—When he can't help it.

THE CITY OF QUEBEC.

By the time this paper is in the hands of our readers the Prince of Wales will have arrived at Quebec, and we accordingly publish, on the following page, a fine picture of that time-honored old city, taken from the famous Prescott Gate, in the assault upon which, in the first war, the gallant Montgomery fell.

Of all the cities of this continent Quebec has perhaps the noblest historic associations. Founded five years before the first house was built by a white man on the island of Manhattan, it was, under the gallant Champlain and his successors, for many many years, the northernmost settlement of white men on the continent—the outpost of civilization; and though, in common with the other pioneer settlements, it had its share of Indian strife, it suffered less, perhaps, from this cause than any other place of equal importance. This was due, in part, to its commanding position, partly to the elaborate works of defense erected by the French, but more than all to the humanity and kindness of the French monks and nuns who were the first settlers there, and who made the Indians friends perforce.

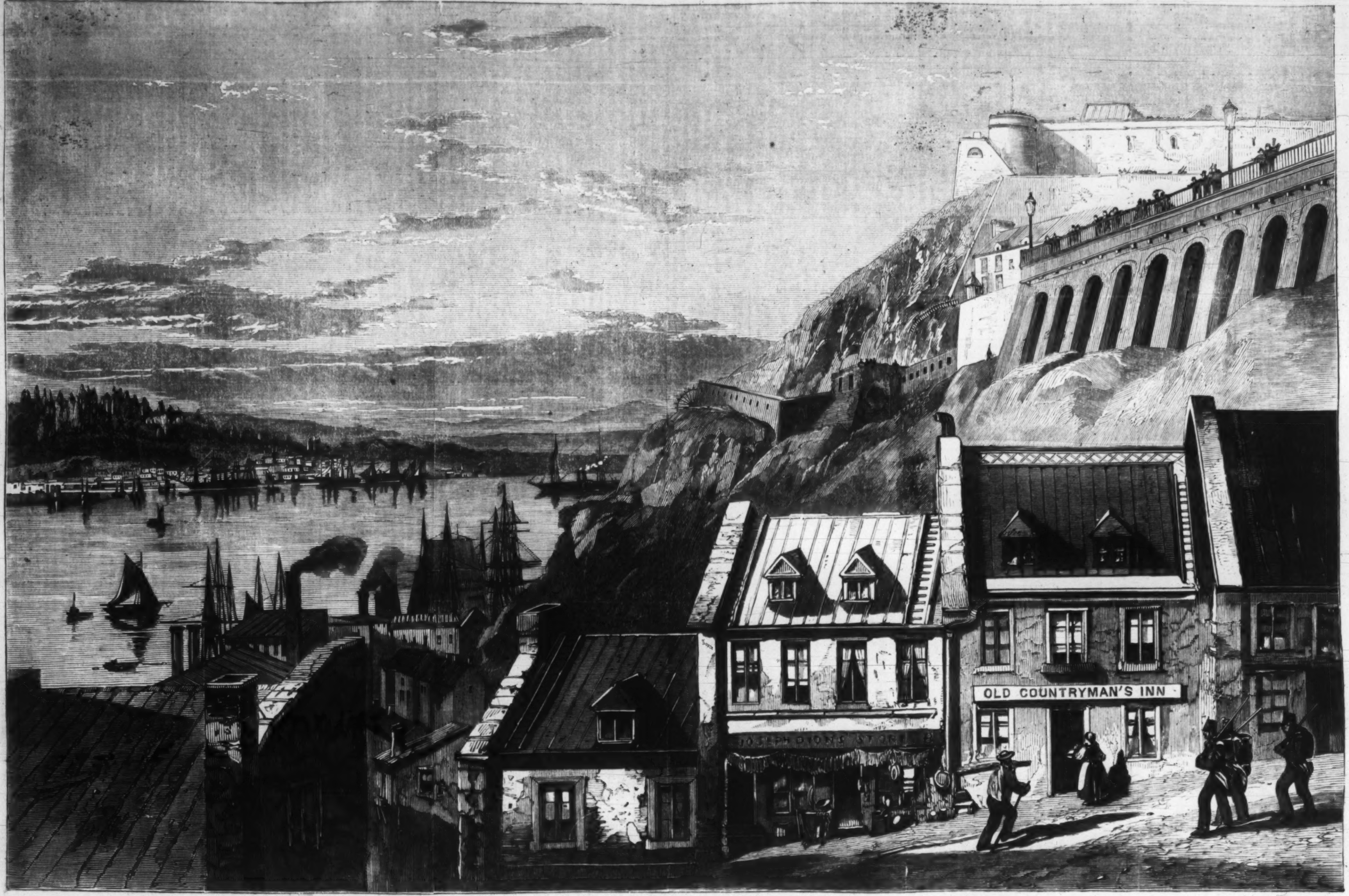
Quebec is the only place on this continent where the old French system of government by intendants and creatures of the Royal Council at Paris was thoroughly established. Its archives contain ample testimony to the truth of the pictures drawn by De Tocqueville in his "Old Régime and Revolution;" even now the relics of that old régime can perhaps be studied to more advantage at Québec than in any part of France. There were intendants and bishops, feudal seigniors and tenants bound to service, tithes and property held in *mainmorte,* mutation fines and banal mills; dashing sprigs of Parisian nobility, sent out to Canada to expiate some scrape at Versailles, and ship-loads of women sent from Bicetre by the despotic edict of the King; intolerable tyranny by the seigniors, and fathomless corruption on the part of the intendants; a priestly power, based on the possession of land, that overrode almost the intendant himself; and under all a peasantry mostly recruited from Normandy and Brittany, quiet, orderly, amiable, knowing little, and seeking not to know more, content to be a great man's serfs, to grind their corn at his mill, to hold their land under him, and to pay him homage and duty whenever they were required so to do. Our picture will enable some to realize these old times, which have left their mark on every street and on almost every institution in Quebec.

We have not space to detail the history of the old town. All remember how Quebec was assailed, unsuccessfully, by Sir William Phipps in 1690; and how, after a glorious battle, it was taken by General Wolfe in 1759. The walls, which are shown in our picture, were standing at that day, though they have since been much strengthened and improved.

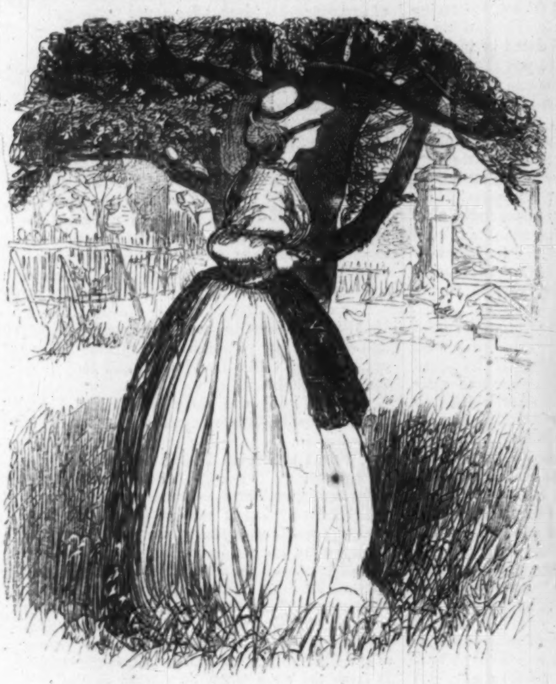
On New-Year's morning 1776, up the steep hill shown in our engraving, James Montgomery marched over snow and ice to storm the gate from the top of which our picture was taken. A few trifling obstacles had been overcome; but just as hope began to dawn in the breasts of the assailants, a discharge of grape from one of the British guns killed their leader, and defeated the attack. It was at best a desperate last resource. Garrisoned as Quebec was, with its fortifications, it would have been successfully defended against a much larger force than any that could have been gathered from Montgomery's handful of heroes, or Arnold's exhausted and broken-down army. This was the last attack ever made upon Quebec.

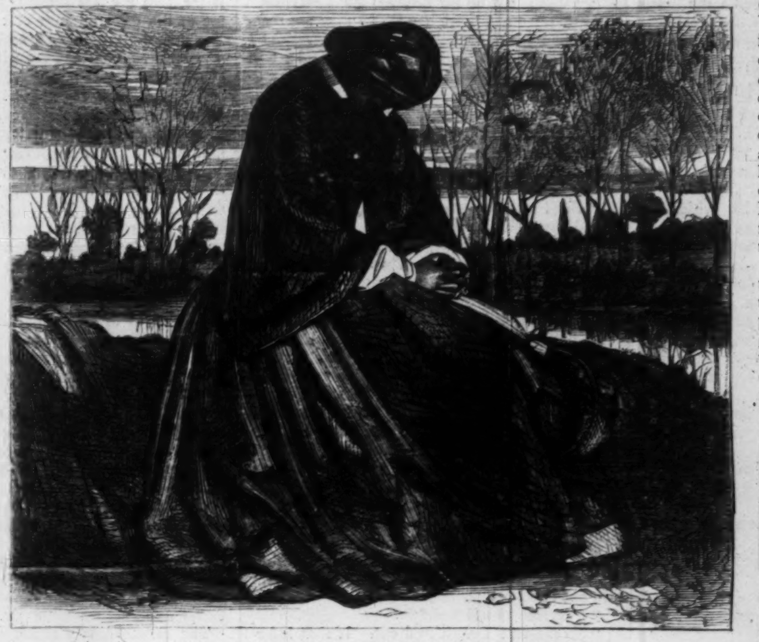
The transition from French to British sway made but little change in Quebec. The French code was preserved; the French priests and nuns kept their enormous property; the feudal lords their seigniories; their people "their tongue, their institutions, and their laws." The only change was that a British soldier sat in the "palace" instead of a French intendant. By-and-by a Parliament was established—a poor mockery of a Parliament, which did any thing but legislate for the country; still it lasted over thirty years, until the people grew weary of bureaucratic tyranny and insisted upon a measure of self-government. This they obtained in 1841; but the struggle cost Quebec its position as the capital. The Provincial Government during the next ten years or so, has as many wanderings as Ulysses after the siege of Troy, and about as many hardships to endure. It went to Montreal, and was burned out; to Kingston, and was starved; to Toronto, then back to Quebec, then again to Toronto, then again to Quebec. It is now in the latter city, under an arrangement similar to that which prevails in Connecticut, and which obliges the Governor and public officers to oscillate every four years between Quebec and Toronto. It is eventually to go to Ottawa City—late Bytown.

It need hardly be added that Quebec is a most interesting old city—perhaps the most picturesque, quaint, and curious on the continent.


OLD COUNTRYMAN'S INN
JOSEPH DION'S STORE

THE CITY OF QUEBEC, CANADA, FROM THE TOP OF PRESCOTT GATE.—[See preceding Page.]





"SHE SAT ALONE, ON THE COLD GRAY STONE."

VIOLET.

SHE stood where I had used to wait
For her, beneath the gaunt old yew,
And near a column of the gate
That open'd on the avenue.

She stood, amid such tearful gloom;
But close behind her, out of reach,
Lay many a mound of orchard bloom,
And trellis'd blossoms of the peach.

Those peaches blooming to the south,
Those orchard blossoms, seem'd to me
Like kisses of her rosy mouth,
Revived on trellis and on tree:

Kisses, that die not when the thrill
Of joy that answer'd them is mute;
But such as turn to use, and fill
The summer of our days with fruit.

And she, impressing half the sole
Of one small foot against the ground,
Stood resting on the yew-tree bole,
A-tiptoe to each sylvan sound:

She, whom I thought so still and shy,
Express'd in every subtle move
Of lifted hand and open eye
The large expectancy of love;

Until, with all her dewy hair,
Dissolved into a golden flame
Of sunshine on the sunless air,
She came to meet me as I came.

But in her face no sunlight shone;
No sunlight, but the sad unrest
Of shade, that sinks from zone to zone
When twilight glimmers in the west.

What grief had touch'd her on the nerve?
For grief alone it is, that stirs
The full ineffable reserve
Of quiet spirits such as hers:

'Twas this—that we had met to part;
That I was going, and that she
Had nothing left but her true heart,
Made strong by memories of me.

What wonder then she quite forgot
Her old repression and control,
And loosened at once and stinted not
The tender tumult of her soul?

What wonder, that she droop'd and lay
In silence, and at length in tears,
On that which should have been the stay
And comfort of her matron years?

But from her bosom, as she leant,
She took a nested violet,
And gave it me—"because 'twas meant
For those who never can forget."

This is the flower: 'tis dry, or wet
With something I may call my own.
Why did I rouse this old regret?
It irks me, now, to be alone:

Triumphs, indeed! Why, after all,
My life has but a leaden hue:
My heart grows like the heart of Saul,
For hatred, and for madness too.

Why sits that smirking minstrel there?
I hate him, and the songs he sings;
They only bring the fond despair
Of inaccessible sweet things:

Why lives he still? Because the ruth
Of those pure days may never die:
He lives, because his name is Youth;
Because his harp is—Memory.

THE BETRAYED.

SHE sat alone, on a cold gray stone,
Where the river made a desolate moan.

The sycamore-trees stood white and bare,
Like sheeted ghosts in the dusky air.

A black cloud floated along the sky,
And a night-bird utter'd a dismal cry.

Sadly she thought of the innocent time,
Wildly she wept for her shame and crime.

Darker and deeper the shadows grow:
He promised to meet her an hour ago.

She sat alone, on the cold gray stone,
And the river flow'd with a sadder moan.

She heard the hum of the distant town,
The patter of dead leaves falling down.

She heard the toad in the long dank grass,
But never *his* tread—alas, alas!

The morning came with its golden light,
To the sycamore-trees so bare and white.

The mists that slept on the river's brim
Went up like the wings of the cherubim.

The water-lilies so cold and fair
Were tangled with tresses of bright brown hair.

The osiers bent with a quiet grace
Over a form with a still, white face.

The river flow'd with a desolate moan,
And dead leaves fell on the cold gray stone.

THE WOMAN IN WHITE.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

AUTHOR OF "THE DEAD SECRET," "AFTER DARK," ETC., ETC.

[Printed from advance proof-sheets purchased from the author exclusively for "Harper's Weekly."]

WALTER HARTRIGHT'S NARRATIVE CONTINUED.

WE had not been married quite a month yet. If my heart was heavy, if my resolution for a moment faltered again, when I looked at her face turned faithfully to *my* pillow in her sleep, when I saw her hand resting open on the coverlet, as if it was waiting unconsciously for mine, surely there was some excuse for me? I only allowed myself a few minutes to kneel down at the bedside, and to look close at her—so close that her breath, as it came and went, fluttered on my face. I only touched her hand and her cheek with my lips at parting. She stirred in her sleep, and murmured my name, but without waking. I lingered for an instant at the door to look at her again. "God bless and keep you, my darling!" I whispered, and left her.

Marian was at the stair-head waiting for me. She had a folded slip of paper in her hand.

"The landlord's son has brought this for you," she said. "He has got a cab at the door; he says you ordered him to keep it at your disposal."

"Quite right, Marian. I want the cab; I am going out again."

I descended the stairs as I spoke, and looked into the sitting-room to read the slip of paper by the light on the table. It contained these two sentences, in Pesca's handwriting:

"Your letter is received. If I don't see you before the time you mention, I will break the seal when the clock strikes."

I placed the paper in my pocket-book and made for the door. Marian met me on the threshold, and pushed me back into the room, where the candle-light fell full on my face. She held me by both hands, and her eyes fastened searchingly on mine.

"I see!" she said, in a low, eager whisper. "You are trying the last chance to-night."

"Yes, the last chance and the best," I whispered back.

"Not alone! Oh, Walter, for God's sake, not alone! Let me go with you. Don't refuse me because I'm only a woman. I must go! I will go! I'll wait outside in the cab!"

It was my turn now to hold *her*. She tried to break away from me, and get down first to the door.

"If you want to help me," I said, "stop here, and sleep in my wife's room to-night. Only let me go away with my mind easy about Laura, and I answer for every thing else. Come, Marian, give me a kiss, and show that you have the courage to wait till I come back."

I dared not allow her time to say a word more. She tried to hold me again. I unclasped her hands, and was out of the room in a moment. The boy below heard me on the stairs, and opened the hall door. I jumped into the cab before the driver could get off the box. "Forest Road, St, John's Wood," I called to him through the front window. "Double fare, if you get there in a quarter of an hour." "I'll do it, Sir." I looked at my watch. Eleven o'clock—not a minute to lose.

The rapid motion of the cab; the sense that every instant new was bringing me nearer to the Count; the conviction that I was embarked at last, without let or hinderance, on my hazardous enterprise, heated me into such a fever of excitement, that I shouted to the man to go faster and faster. As we left the streets, and crossed St. John's Wood Road, my impatience so completely overpowered me, that I stood up in the cab and stretched my head out of the window to see the end of the journey before we reached it. Just as a church clock in the distance struck the quarter past, we turned into the Forest Road. I stopped the driver a little away from the Count's house—paid, and dismissed him—and walked on to the door.

As I approached the garden gate, I saw another person advancing toward it also, from the direction opposite to mine. We met under the gas-lamp in the road, and looked at each other. I instantly recognized the light-haired foreigner, with the scar on his cheek; and I thought he recognized *me*. He said nothing; and, instead of stopping at the house, as I did, he slowly walked on. Was he in the Forest Road by accident? or had he followed the Count home from the Opera?

I did not pursue those questions. After waiting a little, till the foreigner had slowly passed out of sight, I rang the gate bell. It was then twenty minutes past eleven—late enough to make it quite easy for the Count to get rid of me by the excuse that he was in bed.

The only way of providing against this contingency was to send in my name, without asking any preliminary questions, and to let him know, at the same time, that I had a serious motive for wishing to see him at that late hour. Accordingly, while I was waiting, I took out my card, and wrote under my name, "On important business." The maid-servant answered the door while I was writing the last word in pencil, and asked me distrustfully what I "pleased to want."

"Be so good as to take that to your master," I replied, giving her the card.

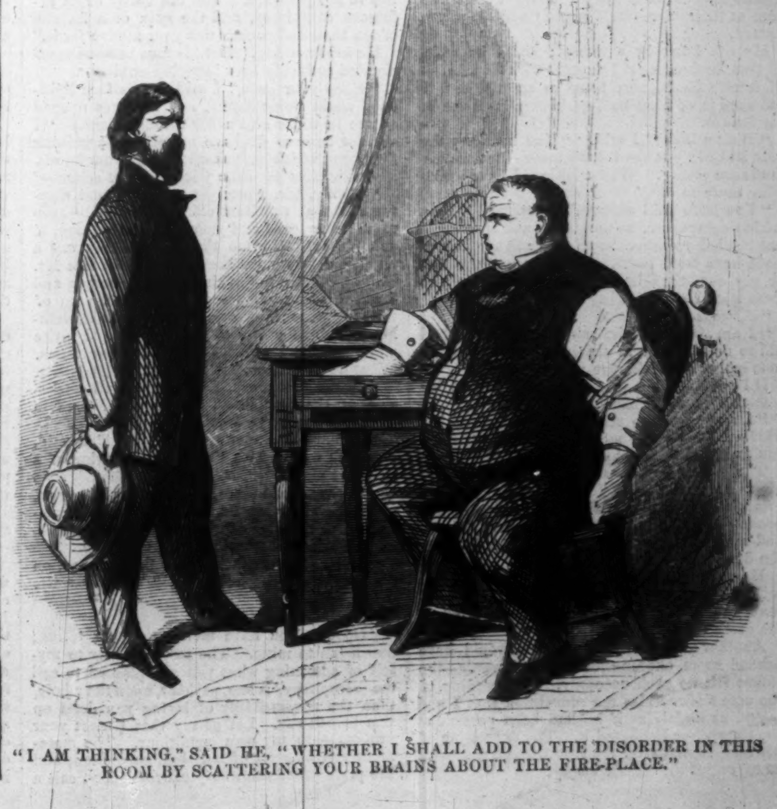
I saw, by the girl's hesitation of manner, that, if I had asked for the Count in the first instance, she would only have followed her instructions by telling me he was not at home. She was staggered by the confidence with which I gave her the card. After staring at me in great perturbation, she went back into the house with my message, closing the door, and leaving me to wait in the garden.

In a minute or so she reappeared. "Her master's compliments, and would I be so obliging as to say what my business was?" "Take my compliments back," I replied; "and say that the business can not be mentioned to any one but your master." She left me again, again returned, and this time asked me to walk in.

There was no lamp in the hall; but by the dim light of the kitchen candle which the girl had brought up stairs with her, I saw an elderly lady steal noiselessly out of a back room on the ground-floor. She cast one viperish look at me as I entered the hall, but said nothing, and went slowly up stairs without returning my bow. My familiarity with Marian's journal sufficiently assured me that the elderly lady was Madame Fosco.

The servant led me to the room which the Countess had just left. I entered it, and found myself face to face with the Count.

He was still in his evening dress, except his coat, which he had thrown across a chair. His shirt-sleeves were turned up at the wrists, but no higher. A carpet-bag was on one side of him, and a box on the other. Books, papers, and articles of wearing apparel were scattered about the room. On a table, at one side of the door, stood the cage, so well known to me by description, which contained his white mice. The canaries and the cockatoo were probably in some other room. He was seated before the box, packing it, when I went in, and rose with



"I AM THINKING," SAID HE, "WHETHER I SHALL ADD TO THE DISORDER IN THIS ROOM BY SCATTERING YOUR BRAINS ABOUT THE FIRE-PLACE."

some papers in his hand to receive me. His face still betrayed plain traces of the shock that had overwhelmed him at the Opera. His fat cheeks hung loose; his cold gray eyes were furtively vigilant; his voice, look, and manner were all sharply suspicious alike, as he advanced a step to meet me, and requested, with distant civility, that I would take a chair.

"You come here on business, Sir?" he said. "I am at a loss to know what that business can possibly be."

The unconcealed curiosity with which he looked hard in my face while he spoke convinced me that I had passed unnoticed by him at the Opera. He had seen Pesca first; and from that moment, till he left the theatre, he had evidently seen nothing else. My name would necessarily suggest to him that I had not come into his house with other than a hostile purpose toward himself; but he appeared to be utterly ignorant, thus far, of the real nature of my errand.

"I am fortunate in finding you here to-night," I said. "You seem to be on the point of taking a journey?"

"Is your business connected with my journey?"

"In some degree."

"In what degree? Do you know where I am going to?"

"No. I only know why you are leaving London."

He slipped by me with the quickness of thought, locked the door of the room, and put the key in his pocket.

"You and I, Mr. Hartright, are excellently well acquainted with one another by reputation," he said. "Did it by any chance occur to you, when you came to this house, that I was not the sort of man you could trifle with?"

"It did occur to me," I replied. "And I have not come to trifle with you. I am here on a matter of life and death; and if that door which you have locked was open at this moment, nothing you could say or do would induce me to pass through it."

I walked farther into the room, and stood opposite to him, on the rug before the fire-place. He drew a chair in front of the door, and sat down on it, with his left arm resting on the table. The cage with the white mice was close to him; and the little creatures scampered out of their sleeping-place, as his heavy arm shook the table, and peered at him through the gaps in the smartly-painted wires.

"On a matter of life and death?" he repeated to himself. "Those words are more serious, perhaps, than you think. What do you mean?"

"What I say."

The perspiration broke out thickly on his broad forehead. His left hand stole over the edge of the table. There was a drawer in it, with a lock, and the key was in the lock. His finger and thumb closed over the key, but did not turn it.

"So you know why I am leaving London?" he went on. "Tell me the reason, if you please." He turned the key, and unlocked the drawer as he spoke.

"I can do better than that," I replied; "I can *show* you the reason, if you like."

"How can you show it?"

"You have got your coat off," I said. "Roll up the shirt sleeve on your left arm, and you will see it there."

The same livid, leaden change passed over his face which I had seen pass over it at the theatre. The deadly glitter in his eyes shone steady and straight into mine. He said nothing; but his left hand slowly opened the table drawer, and softly slipped into it. The harsh grating noise of something heavy that he was moving, unseen to me, sounded for a moment—then ceased. The silence that followed was so intense that the faint ticking nibble of the white mice at their wires was distinctly audible where I stood.

My life hung by a thread; and I knew it. At that final moment I thought with *his* mind—I felt with *his* fingers; I was as certain, as if I had seen it, of what he kept hidden from me in the drawer.

"Wait a little," I said. "You have got the door locked; you see I don't move—you see my hands are empty. Wait a little. I have something more to say."

"You have said enough," he replied, with a sudden composure, so unnatural and so ghastly that it tried my nerves as no outbreak of violence could have tried them. "I want one moment for my own thoughts, if you please. Do you guess what I am thinking about?"

"Perhaps I do."

"I am thinking," he said, "whether I shall add to the disorder in this room by scattering your brains about the fire-place."

If I had moved at that moment, I saw in his face that he would have done it.

"I advise you to read two lines of writing which I have about me," I rejoined, "before you finally decide that question."

The proposal appeared to excite his curiosity. He nodded his head. I took Pesca's acknowledgment of the receipt of my letter out of my pocket-book, handed it to him at arm's-length, and returned to my former position in front of the fire-place.

He read the lines aloud: "'Your letter is received. If I don't hear from you before the time you mention, I will break the seal when the clock strikes.'"

Another man in his position would have needed some explanation of those words—the Count felt no such necessity. One reading of the note showed him the precaution that I had taken, as plainly as if he had been present at the time when I adopted it. The expression of his face changed on the instant, and his hand came out of the drawer empty.

"I don't lock up my drawer, Mr. Hartright," he said; "and I don't say that I may not scatter your brains about the fire-place yet. But I am a just man, even to my enemy, and I will acknowledge beforehand that they are cleverer brains than I thought them. Come to the point, Sir! You want something of me?"

"I do; and I mean to have it."

"On conditions?"

"On no conditions."

His hand dropped into the drawer again.

"Bah! we are traveling in a circle," he said; "and those clever brains of yours are in danger again. Your tone is deplorably imprudent, Sir; moderate it on the spot! The risk of shooting you on the place where you stand is less to *me* than the risk of letting you out of this house, except on conditions that I dictate and approve. You have not got my lamented friend to deal with now; you are face to face with Fosco! If the lives of twenty Mr. Hartrights were the stepping-stones to my safety, over all those stones I would go, sustained by my sublime indifference, self-balanced by my impenetrable calm. Respect me, if you love your own life! I summon you to answer three questions before you open your lips again. Hear them; they are necessary to this interview. Answer them—they are necessary to ME." He held up one finger of his right hand. "First question!" he said. "You come here possessed of information which may be true or may be false. Where did you get it?"

"I decline to tell you."

"No matter: I shall find out. If that information is true—mind, I say, with the whole force of my resolution, *if*—you are making your market of it here by treachery of your own, or by treachery of some other man. I note that circumstance, for future use, in my memory, which forgets nothing, and proceed." He held up another finger. "Second question! Those lines you invited me to read are without signature. Who wrote them?"

"A man whom *I* have every reason to depend on, and whom *you* have every reason to fear."

My answer reached him to some purpose. His left hand trembled audibly in the drawer.

"How long do you give me," he asked, putting his third question in a quieter tone, "before the clock strikes and the seal is broken?"

"Time enough for you to come to my terms," I replied.

"Give me a plainer answer, Mr. Hartright. What hour is the clock to strike?"

"Nine to-morrow morning."

"Nine to-morrow morning? Yes, yes—your trap is laid for me before I can get my passport regulated and leave London. It is not earlier, I suppose? We will see about that presently; I can keep you hostage here, and bargain with you to send for your letter before I let you go. In the mean time be so good next as to mention your terms."

"You shall hear them. They are simple, and soon stated. You know whose interests I represent in coming here?"

He smiled with the most supreme composure, and carelessly waved his right hand.

"I consent to hazard a guess," he said, jeeringly. "A lady's interests, of course!"

"My wife's interests."

He looked at me with the first honest expression that had crossed his face in my presence—an expression of blank amazement. I could see that I sank in his estimation, as a dangerous man, from that moment. He shut up the drawer at once, folded his arms over his breast, and listened to me with a smile of satirical attention.

"You are well enough aware," I went on, "of the course which my inquiries have taken for many months past, to know that any attempted denial of plain facts will be quite useless in my presence. You are guilty of an infamous conspiracy, and the gain of a fortune of ten thousand pounds was your motive for it."

He said nothing. But his face became overclouded suddenly by a lowering anxiety.

"Keep your gain," I said. (His face lightened again immediately, and his eyes opened on me in wider and wider astonishment.) "I am not here to disgrace myself by bargaining for money which has passed through your hands, and which has been the price of a vile crime—"

"Gently, Mr. Hartright. Your moral claptraps have an excellent effect in England—keep them for yourself and your own countrymen, if you please. The ten thousand pounds was a legacy left to my excellent wife by the late Mr. Fairlie. Place the affair on those grounds, and I will discuss it, if you please. To a man of my sentiments, however, the subject is deplorably sordid. I prefer to pass it over. I invite you to resume the discussion of your terms. What do you demand?"

"In the first place, I demand a full confession of the conspiracy, written and signed in my presence, by yourself."

He raised his finger again. "One!" he said, checking me off with the steady attention of a practical man.

"In the second place, I demand a plain proof, which does not depend on your personal asseveration, of the date at which my wife left Blackwater Park, and traveled to London."

"So! so! you can lay your finger, I see, on the weak place," he remarked, composedly. "Any more?"

"At present, no more."

"Good! You have mentioned your terms; now listen to mine. The responsibility to myself of admitting what you are pleased to call the 'conspiracy,' is less, perhaps, upon the whole, than the responsibility of laying you dead on that hearth-rug. Let us say that I meet your proposal—on my own conditions. The statement you demand of me shall be written, and the plain proof shall be produced. You call a letter from my late lamented friend, informing me of the day and hour of his wife's arrival in London, written, signed, and dated by himself, a proof, I suppose? I can give you this. I can also send you to the man of whom I hired the carriage to fetch my visitor from the railway, on the day when she arrived. His order-book may help you to your date, even if his coachman who drove me proves to be of no use. These things I can do, and will do, on conditions. I recite them. First condition! Madame Fosco and I leave this house when and how we please, without interference of any kind on your part. Second condition! You wait here, in company with me, to see my agent, who is coming at seven o'clock in the morning to regulate my affairs. You give my agent a written order to the man who has got your sealed letter to resign his possession of it. You wait here till my agent places that letter unopened in my hands, and you then allow me one clear half hour to leave the house; after which you resume your own freedom of action, and go where you please. Third condition! You give me the satisfaction of a gentleman for your intrusion into my private affairs, and for the language you have allowed yourself to use to me at this conference. The time and place, abroad, to be fixed in a letter from my hand when I am safe on the Continent; and that letter to contain a strip of paper measuring accurately the length of my sword. Those are *my* terms. Inform me if you accept them—Yes or No."

The extraordinary mixture of prompt decision, far-sighted cunning, and mountebank bravado in this speech staggered me for a moment, and only for a moment. The one question to consider was, whether I was justified or not in possessing myself of the means of establishing Laura's identity, at the cost of allowing the scoundrel who had robbed her of it to escape me with impunity. I knew that the motive of securing the just recognition of my wife in the birth-place from which she had been driven out as an impostor, and of publicly erasing the lie that still profaned her mother's tombstone, was far purer, in its freedom from all taint of evil passion, than the vindictive motive which had mingled itself with my purpose from the first. And yet I can not honestly say that my own moral convictions were strong enough to decide the struggle in me by themselves. They were helped by my remembrance of Sir Percival's death. How awfully, at the last moment, had the working of the retribution *there* been snatched from my feeble hands! What right had I to decide, in my poor mortal ignorance of the future, that this man, too, must escape with impunity, because he escaped *me*? I thought of these things—perhaps with the superstition inherent in my nature; perhaps with a sense worthier of me than superstition. It was hard, when I had fastened my hold on him at last, to loosen it again of my own accord; but I forced myself to make the sacrifice. In plainer words, I determined to be guided by the one higher motive of which I was certain, the motive of serving the cause of Laura and the cause of Truth.

"I accept your conditions," I said. "With one reservation on my part."

"What reservation may that be?" he asked.

"It refers to the sealed letter," I answered. "I require you to destroy it, unopened, in my presence, as soon as it is placed in your hands."

My object in making this stipulation was simply to prevent him from carrying away written evidence of the nature of my communication with Pesca. The *fact* of my communication he would necessarily discover, when I gave the address to his agent, in the morning. But he could make no use of it on his own unsupported testimony, even if he really ventured to try the experiment, which need excite in me the slightest apprehension on Pesca's account.

"I grant your reservation," he replied, after considering the question gravely for a minute or two. "It is not worth dispute; the letter shall be destroyed when it comes into my hands."

He rose, as he spoke, from the chair in which he had been sitting opposite to me up to this time. With one effort he appeared to free his mind from the whole pressure on it of the interview between us, thus far. "Ouf!" he cried, stretching his arms luxuriously; "the skirmish was hot while it lasted. Take a seat, Mr. Hartright. We meet as mortal enemies hereafter—let us, like gallant gentlemen, exchange polite attentions in the mean time. Permit me to take the liberty of calling for my wife."

He unlocked and opened the door. "Eleanor!" he called out, in his deep voice. The lady of the viperish face came in. "Madame Fosco, Mr. Hartright," said the Count, introducing us with easy dignity. "My angel," he went on, addressing his wife; "will your labors of packing up allow you time to make me some nice strong coffee? I have writing business to transact with Mr. Hartright, and I require the full possession of my intelligence to do justice to myself."

Madame Fosco bowed her head twice—once sternly to me, once submissively to her husband—and glided out of the room.

The Count walked to a writing-table near the window, opened his desk, and took from it several quires of paper and a bundle of quill pens. He scattered the pens about the table, so that they might lie ready in all directions to be taken up when wanted, and then cut the paper into a heap of narrow slips, of the form used by professional writers for the press. "I shall make this a remarkable document," he said, looking at me over his shoulder. "Habits of literary composition are perfectly familiar to me. One of the rarest of all the intellectual accomplishments that man can possess is the grand faculty of arranging his ideas. Immense privilege! I possess it! Do you?"

He marched backward and forward in the room until the coffee appeared, humming to himself, and marking the places at which obstacles occurred in the arrangement of his ideas, by striking his forehead, from time to time, with the palm of his hand. The enormous audacity with which he seized on the situation in which I had placed him, and made it the pedestal on which his vanity mounted for the one cherished purpose of self-display, mastered my astonishment by main force. Sincerely as I loathed the man, the prodigious strength of his character, even in its most trivial aspects, impressed me in spite of myself.

The coffee was brought in by Madame Fosco. He kissed her hand in grateful acknowledgment, and escorted her to the door; returned, poured out a cup of coffee for himself, and took it to the writing-table.

"May I offer you some coffee, Mr. Hartright?" he said, before he sat down.

I declined.

"What! you think I shall poison you?" he said, gayly. "The English intellect is sound, so far as it goes," he continued, seating himself at the table; "but it has one grave defect—it is always cautious in the wrong place."

He dipped his pen in the ink, placed the first slip of paper before him, with a thump of his hand on the desk, cleared his throat, and began. He wrote with great noise and rapidity, in so large and bold a hand, and with such wide spaces between the lines, that he reached the bottom of the slip in not more than two minutes certainly from the time when he started at the top. Each slip as he finished it was paged, and tossed over his shoulder, out of his way, on the floor. When his first pen was worn out, *that* went over his shoulder too; and he pounced on a second from the supply scattered about the table. Slip after slip, by dozens, by fifties, by hundreds, flew over his shoulders on either side of him, till he had snowed himself up in paper all round his chair. Hour after hour passed—and there I sat, watching; there he sat, writing. He never stopped, except to sip his coffee; and when that was exhausted, to smack his forehead, from time to time. One o'clock struck, two, three, four—and still the slips flew about all round him; still the untiring pen scraped its way ceaselessly from top to bottom of the page; still the white chaos of paper rose higher and higher all round his chair. At four o'clock I heard a sudden splutter of the pen, indicative of the flourish with which he signed his name. "Bravo!" he cried—springing to his feet with the activity of a young man, and looking me straight in the face with a smile of superb triumph.

"Done, Mr. Hartright!" he announced, with a self-renovating thump of his fist on his broad breast. "Done, to my own profound satisfaction—to *your* profound astonishment, when you read what I have written. The subject is exhausted: the Man—Fosco—is not. I proceed to the arrangement of my slips, to the revision of my slips, to the reading of my slips—addressed, emphatically, to your private ear. Four o'clock has just struck. Good! Arrangement, revision, reading, from four to five. Short snooze of restoration for myself, from five to six. Final preparations, from six to seven. Affair of agent and sealed letter, from seven to eight. At eight, *en route*. Behold the programme!"

He sat down cross-legged on the floor among his papers; strung them together with a bodkin and a piece of string; revised them; wrote all the titles and honors by which he was personally distinguished at the head of the first page; and then read the manuscript to me, with loud theatrical emphasis and profuse theatrical gesticulation. The reader will have an opportunity ere long of forming his own opinion of the document. It will be sufficient to mention here that it answered my purpose.

His next proceeding was to write me the address of the person from whom he had hired the fly to go to the railway, and to hand me Sir Percival's letter. I read this last with breathless interest. It only contained a few lines; but it distinctly announced the arrival of "Lady Glyde" in London, by the mid-day train from Blackwater, *on the 29th of July*, 1850—exactly, as I had supposed, one day after the date of her (assumed) death on the doctor's certificate.

"Are you satisfied?" asked the Count.

"I am."

"A quarter past five," he said, looking at his watch. "Time for my restorative snooze. I personally resemble Napoleon the Great (as you may have remarked, Mr. Hartright)—I also resemble that immortal man in my power of commanding sleep at will. Excuse me one moment. I will summon Madame Fosco, to keep you from feeling dull."

Knowing as well as he did that he was summoning Madame Fosco to insure my not leaving the house while he was asleep, I made no reply, and occupied myself in tying up the papers which he had placed in my possession.

The lady came in, cool, pale, and venomous as ever. "Amuse Mr. Hartright, my angel," said the Count. He placed a chair for her, kissed her hand for the second time, withdrew to a sofa, and in three minutes was as peacefully and happily asleep as the most virtuous man in existence.

Madame Fosco took a book from the table, sat down, and looked at me with the steady, vindictive malice of a woman who never forgot and never forgave.

"I have been listening to your conversation with my husband," she said. "If I had been in *his* place, *I* would have laid you dead on the hearth-rug."

With those words she opened her book and never looked at me or spoke to me from that time till the time when her husband woke.

He opened his eyes and rose from the sofa, accurately to an hour from the time when he had gone to sleep.

"I feel infinitely refreshed," he remarked. "Eleanor, my good wife, are you all ready up stairs? That is well. My little packing here can be completed in ten minutes—my traveling-dress assumed in ten minutes more. What remains before the agent comes?" He looked about the room, and noticed the cage with his white mice in it. "Ah!" he cried, piteously; "a last laceration of my sympathies still remains. My innocent pets! my little cherished children! what am I to do with them? For the present, we are settled nowhere; for the present, we travel incessantly—the less baggage we carry, the better for ourselves. My cockatoo, my canaries, and my little mice—who will cherish them when their good Papa is gone?"

He walked about the room, deep in thought. He had not been at all troubled about writing his confession, but he was visibly perplexed and distressed about the far more important question of the disposal of his pets. After long consideration, he suddenly sat down again at the writing-table.

"An idea!" he exclaimed. "I will offer my canaries and my cockatoo to this vast Metropolis—my agent shall present them, in my name, to the Zoological Gardens of London. The Document that describes them shall be drawn out on the spot."

He began to write, repeating the words as they flowed from his pen.

"Number One. Cockatoo of transcendant plumage: attraction, of himself, to all visitors of taste. Number Two. Canaries of unrivaled vivacity and intelligence: worthy of the garden of Eden, worthy also of the garden in the Regent's Park. Homage to British Zoology. Offered by Fosco."

The pen spluttered again, and the flourish was attached to his signature.

"Count! you have not included the mice," said Madame Fosco.

He left the table, took her hand, and placed it on his heart.

"All human resolution, Eleanor," he said, solemnly, "has its limits. MY limits are inscribed on that Document. I can not part with my white mice. Bear with me, my angel, and remove them to their traveling-cage up stairs."

"Admirable tenderness!" said Madame Fosco, admiring her husband, with a last viperish look in my direction. She took up the cage carefully, and left the room.

The Count looked at his watch. In spite of his resolute assumption of composure, he was getting anxious for the agent's arrival. The candles had long since been extinguished, and the sunlight of the new morning poured into the room. It was not till five minutes past seven that the gate bell rang and the agent made his appearance. He was a foreigner, with a dark beard.

"Mr. Hartright, Monsieur Rubelle," said the Count, introducing us. He took the agent (a foreign spy, in every line of his face, if ever there was one yet) into a corner of the room, whispered some directions to him, and then left us together. Monsieur Rubelle, as soon as we were alone, suggested, with great politeness, that I should favor him with his instructions. I wrote two lines to Pesca, authorizing him to deliver my sealed letter "to the Bearer;" directed the note; and handed it to Monsieur Rubelle.

The agent waited with me till his employer returned, equipped in traveling costume. The Count examined the address on my letter before he dismissed the agent. "I thought so!" he said, turning on me with a dark look, and altering again in his manner from that moment.

He completed his packing; and then sat consulting a traveling map, making entries in his pocket-book, and looking, every now and then, impatiently at his watch. Not another word, addressed to myself, passed his lips. The near approach of the hour for his departure, and the proof he had seen of the communication established between Pesca and myself, had plainly recalled his whole attention to the measures that were necessary for securing his escape.

A little before eight o'clock, Monsieur Rubelle came back with my unopened letter in his hand. The Count looked carefully at the superscription and the seal, lit a candle, and burned the letter. "I perform my promise," he said; "but this matter, Mr. Hartright, shall not end here."

The agent had kept at the door the cab in which he had returned. He and the maid-servant now busied themselves in removing the luggage. Madame Fosco came down stairs thickly vailed, with the traveling cage of the white mice in her hand. She neither spoke to me nor looked toward me. Her husband escorted her to the cab. "Follow me as far as the passage," he whispered in my ear; "I may want to speak to you at the last moment."

I went out to the door, the agent standing below me in the front garden. The Count came back alone, and drew me a few steps inside the passage.

"Remember the Third condition!" he whispered. "You shall hear from me, Mr. Hartright; I may claim from you the satisfaction of a gentleman sooner than you think for." He caught my hand before I was aware of him, and wrung it hard—then turned to the door, stopped, and came back to me again.

"One word more," he said, confidentially. "When I last saw Miss Halcombe, she looked thin and ill. I am anxious about that admirable woman. Take care of her, Sir! With my hand on my heart, I solemnly implore you—take care of Miss Halcombe!"

Those were the last words he said to me before he squeezed his huge body into the cab and drove off.

The agent and I waited at the door a few moments, looking after him. While we were standing together, a second cab appeared from a turning a little way down the road. It followed the direction previously taken by the Count's cab, and as it passed the house and the open garden gate a person inside looked at us out of the window. The stranger at the Opera again! the light-haired foreigner with the scar on his left cheek!

"You wait here with me, Sir, for half an hour more?" said Monsieur Rubelle.

"I do."

We returned to the sitting-room. I was in no humor to speak to the agent, or to allow him to speak to me. I took out the papers which the Count had placed in my hands, and read the terrible story of the conspiracy told by the man who had planned and perpetrated it.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE DOUGLAS CONVENTION.

THE Douglas Democratic State Convention met at Syracuse on August 15, organized, appointed a committee to treat with the Bell-Everett managers, who were in attendance, and made the following nominations: *Governor*, William Kelly, of Dutchess; *Lieutenant-Governor*, William F. Allen, of Oswego; *Canal Commissioner*, William W. Wright, of Ontario; *State Prison Inspector*, William C. Rhodes, of Chemung. On the following day (16th) an electoral ticket was framed which was acceptable to the Bell-Everett party, and the Convention adjourned. Tammany Hall and Mozart Hall both sent delegates; the Convention admitted both and gave Mozart an elector. It is understood, though the speeches and resolutions were strongly Douglas, that a door is left open for a fusion, on the Presidential electoral ticket, with the Breckinridge party, if suitable terms can be made.

DEMOCRATIC CONVENTIONS IN VIRGINIA.

The Virginia Douglas Convention at Staunton formed an electoral ticket on 17th. No fusion with the Breckinridge men took place. The Breckinridge Convention is still in session at Charlotteville. A resolution giving the electors liberty to consult their own judgment in the choice of President, under certain contingencies, was passed by that body.

EXCITEMENT IN TEXAS.

The excitement in Texas in relation to the supposed abolition conspiracies in that State is on the increase. One individual had been hung for giving strychnine to the slaves to poison the wells; three others, accused of abolitionism and exciting negroes to insurrection, had met the same fate.

DEPARTURE OF THE "GREAT EASTERN."

The *Great Eastern* steamship left this port on 16th on her homeward voyage, taking one hundred first-class passengers with her. She will touch at Halifax, her final port being Milford Haven, in Wales. There was no public interest felt in her departure, and very few persons indeed assembled at any point on the river or harbor to see her off. Captain Hall, from indisposition, was unable to take the command, which consequently devolved upon first officer Machin. An attachment had been issued and served against the ship, but the agents, Messrs. Grinnell & Minturn, had entered into the necessary bonds and no delay to her sailing had resulted. She left with the turn of the tide at four o'clock.

RELIEF FOR THE CHRISTIANS OF SYRIA.

Meetings for the purpose of sympathizing with the Christians of Syria in their present deplorable condition, and of devising the best means for their relief, were held last week. A Committee was appointed to collect subscriptions. When $500 shall have been collected, it will be remitted at once.

THE PRINCE OF WALES' RECEPTION.

The merchants have met and appointed a large Committee, consisting of the most respectable persons in the city, to entertain the Prince. It is understood that they will offer him a dinner in the Academy of Music. Mayor Wood has sent his Secretary to Quebec with some sort of an invitation to the Prince.

BLONDIN HURT.

Blondin performed a feat at Chilicothe, Ohio, a few days since, which exhibited the wonderful command that he has over his nerves better than any of his performances at Niagara. While trundling his wheel-barrow over a rope stretched seventy-five feet above the ground, one of the pieces of fire-works with which he was illuminating his path exploded prematurely, and set his clothes on fire. Of course under such circumstances he could do nothing coolly, but he very calmly seated himself upon his rope, tore off the portion of his garments which was in flames, and then resumed his promenade. His arm and shoulder were severely scorched.

CAPTURE OF A SUPPOSED SLAVER.

The brig *Thomas Achorn* arrived at this port on 14th from the coast of Africa, in charge of Master Nathaniel Green, she having been captured on the 27th of June by the United States steamer *Mystic* on the supposition that she was a slaver. The American Lloyd's *Marine Register* says the *Thomas Achorn* belongs to Messrs. Yates, Porterfield, & Co., of this city. She was cleared in this city on the 27th of March last, by J. M. Parker, for Rio Janeiro, under command of Captain Parker.

A SURVIVOR OF THE "ARCTIC."

The New Orleans papers of recent dates contain the particulars of an unexpected return to life. It appears that Mr. Fleury, a merchant of that city, was on board the steamer *Arctic*, and was supposed to be lost, no trace of him appearing. His wife, young and attractive, mourned for him, then married the chief clerk of the late husband. Together the pair lived happily for several years, and to their family three children were added. On the 4th of the present month the wife received from New York a letter written by her former husband. He had been picked up from a piece of the wreck with five other survivors, and, being taken on board a whaler, had gone on a long voyage with her. This ship was subsequently sunk, and fifteen of those aboard saved themselves upon the island from which they were taken by another whaler, which was just commencing her cruise, and which only returned to New York a week or two ago.

AN ELEPHANT IN THE OHIO.

"Lalla Rookh" is a female elephant belonging to a circus lately exhibiting at Cincinnati. The following account of her passage across the Ohio is from the Cincinnati *Commercial:*

"At 9 o'clock Madame 'Lalla Rookh' was discovered by the anxious crowd walking leisurely down to the landing upon the Kentucky side, flapping her huge ears, the motion of which was distinctly visible upon this side of the river. Every thing being in readiness, 'Lalla Rookh' plunged into the 'flowing waters,' but was almost immediately lost to sight. The cooling effects of the fluid were so agreeable that her ladyship seemed disposed to neglect the task assigned her; and, regardless of the expectations of the assembled multitude, rolled and splashed around at her ease. The exertions of her keeper, who piloted her in a skiff, soon brought her to a sense of her duty, and she struck out manfully into the stream. At times nothing but the end of her trunk would be visible, then the top of her head, and again she would dive entirely out of sight, remaining under water until those on shore began to think she was drowned, when of a sudden she would come to the surface with a surge that would throw her huge bulk half-way out of the water. Thus she proceeded until opposite the Covington ferry landing, when an amusing incident occurred. The fleet of skiffs which accompanied her upon her trip became so numerous as to seriously incommode her ladyship, when, becoming indignant, she turned about and gave them chase. The result was some rowing which would have put even the famous Harvard Boat Club to the blush. One of the skiffs she pursued to the bank. The consequence was that, allowing due calculation for the force of the current, so as to make a landing at the required point, it became necessary to take her ashore and let her try a fresh start. The second time she started a short distance below the mouth of the Licking, and proceeded diagonally across the river, diving and rising with a 'blow' at times, and landing safely at the foot of Race Street, thus giving the whole line of spectators a full view of her performances."

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

THE SYRIAN CONVENTION.

THE affairs of Syria have been debated in both Houses: Ministers explained that a protocol had been drawn up at Paris, by the Embassadors of the Great Powers, in which it was determined that, on the requisition of the Porte, a force of 12,000 troops should be sent to Syria, half of which would be furnished by France. It was provided that their stay should not exceed six months. Another protocol was also signed calling upon the Porte to carry out its engagements, with respect to the Christians, which it had entered into in 1856; but it was provided that no right of intervention should be granted on future occasions.

TRIUMPH OF THE MINISTRY ON THE FRENCH BUGBEAR QUESTION.

In the House of Commons on the 2d inst., the Government proposition in regard to fortification was considered. The pending question was that a vote of two million pounds be granted for the works in question. Mr. Lindsay moved as an amendment, that the defense of the country chiefly rested on the navy, and that it was inexpedient to spend a large sum on land fortifications. A general debate ensued, in the course of which Mr. Bright made a long and characteristic speech in denunciation of the proposed scheme and of the increasing burdens upon the people for warlike purposes. Lord Palmerston earnestly appealed to the House to sanction the Government plan for the interests of peace and the security of the country. The amendment was rejected by a vote of 39 to 268, and the vote was agreed to.

FRANCE.

THE SYRIAN EXPEDITION.

The greatest activity prevails at Toulon, whence the Syrian expedition is to start. The French enthusiasm on the subject is quite decided. No notice has been taken in the French papers of the Emperor's letter to Lord Palmerston; the funds did not advance, though consols did.

THE EMPRESS AT EAUX BONNES.

The *Court Journal* says that the Empress Eugénie, now at Eaux Bonnes, does not wear one of those ugly little pigeon-house hats, so much the fashion just now, but a *chapeau à l'Imperatrice*, with a broad brim slightly turned down at the edge. The only homage to the new fashion is the inner wreath, composed of black lace and flowers, which lies thick and full upon the forehead. The effect is quite novel, the more so as her Majesty no longer wears her hair either in flat bandeaux or Felix rouleaux, but with the under hair much curled, and standing out from the temples. They say that the Empress is in despair at beholding the quick pace at which her hair is darkening—as it certainly is most rapidly—that every sort of stratagem is resorted to in order to preserve its light shade, but that as yet nothing has been found of any avail. The *Eaus des Blonds* with which the walls of Paris are placarded, was invented on purpose for her Majesty's use. A dress in *piqué*, of the Pompadour shape—for it is much too cold in the exalted regions of Eaux Bonnes to wear any kind of thin stuff—forms the morning costume of her Majesty. One was of a rose-colored ground, with a small black rose-bud *semé*, very simple, very fresh, and very becoming. It is trimmed with black velvet, and the petticoat ornamented with large black velvet bows down the front. The Empress coughs slightly, and, in climbing to the Fountain, is obliged to rest now and then upon the benches on the walk.

THE PRINCE IMPERIAL PLAYING MONARCH.

The *Herald* correspondent says: "The little Prince Imperial is already beginning to assist his father in performing some of the onerous duties of royalty. Some few days ago the Emperor, having met with some of the youths of the College of Versailles in the Park of St. Cloud, entered into conversation with them. On their return, great was the regret of those at home that they should have missed the occasion. The Emperor, divining this, sent the little Prince the next day to visit the school, when the pupils sang '*Domine Salvum*,' and greeted him with the liveliest acclamations. The little fellow was delighted with every thing, and, on taking leave of the Director, exclaimed, '*Point de punissements aujourd'hui, M. le Directeur, et un congé, s'il vous plait.*' Of course to hear was to obey—the punishments were abandoned, and the holiday granted."

ITALY.

THE PROGRESS OF GARIBALDI.

In our last we announced that Garibaldi had entered Messina. We have now the details of the military convention signed between him and General Clary. The Neapolitans—4000 in number—were to retain the citadel, and not to fire upon the town unless attacked: they will obviously retire before many days. Garibaldi was received with the greatest enthusiasm. On arriving, he took no notice of the popular excitement, but immediately gathered twenty or thirty of the most experienced pilots and proceeded to examine the channel to the main land. Since then we learn that 1500 of his men have crossed into Calabria, and that Garibaldi himself was shortly expected at Naples. Five thousand more volunteers had sailed in steamers from Genoa to Sicily. At Naples the city is reported to be "tranquil;" but two regiments have mutinied to the cry of "*Viva Garibaldi!*" Six military executions were ordered by Garibaldi after the battle of Melazzo; the culprits were assassins. The King of Naples had sent a military column into Calabria. There had been a disturbance at Arpina, in the Roman States, where the people shouted for Garibaldi. It had been successfully suppressed by General Lamoricière.

A PROCLAMATION BY GARIBALDI.

In one of his proclamations Garibaldi thus addresses himself to the ladies of Palermo: "In confidence I present myself to you, noble ladies of Palermo, to confess an act of weakness. I, an old soldier of two worlds, I shed tears and am distressed in mind. I weep not at the sight of the misery and misfortunes to which this unhappy city has been condemned; not with indignation at the sight of the butchery and of the bodies mutilated by the bombardment; but at the sight of victims and orphans exposed to die of hunger. At the Orphan Asylum 80 per cent. of the inmates perish for want of nourishment—and yet a very little would suffice to feed these beings created in the image of God. But here I stop—I leave the rest to be understood by your generous hearts, already palpitating with pity at the sight of these misfortunes."

SYRIA.

CESSATION OF THE MASSACRES.

At latest dates from Syria the massacres had ceased, and some of the most violent Druses and Arabs had retired into the mountains. Still the Christians were in hiding, fearing a renewal of the attack. At Damascus it was feared that the town would be fired before Fuad Pacha arrived. Rumor implicates most of the local pachas and beys in the massacres. The best friend the Christians have had has been Abd-el-Kader, late of Algeria, who protected several thousand, and ordered out his private guards to fight the Druses. For his noble conduct the Emperor Napoleon has sent him the legion of honor. At latest dates the Christians of Syria were eagerly looking out for the arrival of the French troops, who were embarking with great rapidity at Toulon.

THE OUTBREAK AT DAMASCUS.

A letter from Beyrou dated 15th July, says: "Matters got worse and worse, the one party becoming daily more frightened, the other hourly more insolent, until at last, on Sunday the 8th inst., when the Christians came out of their various churches, a mob of Moslem lads were busy in the streets making crosses in chalk on the ground, and then stamping and spitting on the sacred emblem. But so utterly downhearted were the Christians that they did not even complain to the authorities of this wanton insult. On the contrary, all they did was to confine themselves still more strictly within their houses for the rest of the day. What must, then, have been their astonishment on the Monday morning to see these same lads, who had made and spat upon the crosses on the previous day, sweeping the streets of the Christian quarter in chains by order of the Turkish head of police! They at once supposed that this order must have been given for the very purpose of exciting a riot, and they were not mistaken. At two P.M. some three hundred of the lowest Moslems of Damascus rushed, armed, into the Christian quarter, crying out, 'Slay the dogs of Christians!' and immediately the work of plunder, burning, and murder commenced. Achmet Pacha, Governor-General and Commander-in-Chief of the place—a field-marshal in the Sultan's army—was at once informed of what had taken place. But although he had at his disposal some eight hundred regular troops and several field-pieces, not a man nor a gun did he move. He never showed himself in the streets, nor took any steps whatever to stop the massacre, declaring—the old story of Hasbeyia, Rasheyia, Dheir-el-Kamar and Sidon—that he had not troops enough to do any good."

THE MASSACRE.

It adds: "The Russian Consulate was almost the first house attacked, and all those Christians who did not take refuge with the famous Algerine chief, Abd-el-Kader (who has behaved most nobly throughout the business), were murdered at once. But, although the affair might have been stopped with the greatest ease before dark on the Monday, after that hour the mob increased in numbers every minute. Late in the evening about three hundred soldiers were sent to put a stop to the outrage, but very shortly joined in the plundering. such as did not do so actually used their arms to massacre the Christians. The whole Christian quarter—which includes some of the finest palaces to be found in the empire—was soon one mass of flames; and—for this there is the positive authority of a European eye-witness, who was hiding in the neighborhood all that fearful night—as the Christians tried to escape from the flames they were thrust back on the burning piles by the bayonets of the Turkish regular troops. However, when we recollect that one of the military chiefs who commanded in Damascus was Osman Beg, the miscreant who but three weeks previously had delivered up at Hasbeyia upward of fifteen hundred Christians to be massacred by the Druses, all wonder at the conduct of the military ceases at once.

"When our last advices from Damascus left that place the whole Christian quarter had been utterly destroyed. Four thousand Christians had taken refuge in the house of Abd-el-Kader, who defended them against all comers. Three thousand had taken refuge in the castle under the Pacha, and several hundred in the English consulate, which as yet—being situated in the Moslem quarter of the town—had been respected. Upward of two thousand Christians, it was calculated, had been murdered, all in cold blood, and the estimated loss of property, money, valuables, etc., was £1,200,000 sterling."

THE BRITISH PROVINCES.

PROGRESS OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.

On Saturday at 1 P.M. the Prince and suite embarked for Gaspe, after having attended a grand ball at Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, where he danced with twelve ladies, including the Governor's wife. On Sunday evening the squadron reached Gaspe Bay, where the Prince was met by the Governor of Canada and the members of the Ministry. The day was spent in sailing about the bay; the *Hero* contriving to get aground once or twice. A correspondent writes to the *Herald* "I passed the *Hero* in the *Lady Head*, and saw the Prince standing chatting on the quarter-deck, dressed in his old black round-topped hat, a blue coat, and tweed trowsers. We gave him three cheers, and he uncovered his head and bowed in his usual frank manner. The Prince, during the two hours aground, was on deck, interesting himself in the work of getting his ship off, which it was at first feared would not be done till the next tide." On Wednesday morning the squadron arrived off the Saguenay, where the *Hero* got ashore again. At noon, same day, the Prince embarked on board the *Victoria* steamer for Ha-ha Bay. Tents had been erected for him at St. Marguerite, and every thing arranged for a day's fishing. He fished for some hours, then re-embarked, and the whole squadron steamed for Quebec, where preparations were made to give him a grand reception on Saturday afternoon.

THE PRINCE'S FUTURE TOUR.

The *Times* says: "The programme of the prince's movements in Canada has been prepared. It extends over a period of one month, from the 17th inst. to the 17th proximo, and leaves him at Niagara. His subsequent movements have not yet been determined upon, but it is probable that he will go thence to Cincinnati and Pittsburgh, taking the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad to Baltimore, and on to Washington. From Washington he will probably come northward again, stopping a day or two in Philadelphia, and making his last visit to New York, when he will embark again for England—the fleet meantime having been sent round here to meet him."

HOW TO DRESS AT THE PRINCE'S LEVEES.

The Canadians are now exercised upon the matter of full dress. The Montreal *Witness* says: "Persons waiting upon the Prince of Wales, at the levées to be held throughout the Province, must be in full dress—namely, either a military or ecclesiastical uniform, or a suit of black, the coat being a dress-coat, that is, not long all round, but with tails only behind. Why this should be considered full dress more than the frock-coat, which is both fuller and more suitable every way, and which is worn in military uniforms, we can not imagine; but the decisions of custom and fashion make no professions to common sense. We think, however, it is somewhat ill-judged to require a rigorous adherence to Old World etiquette in this free and easy country. There may be many a loyal, worthy citizen who has long discarded the swallow-tail for the more sensible surtout, and who will not be able to pay his respects to the Prince without going to the expense of £6 10s. at least, for a dress-coat. This is a small matter, as Counselor Pepys said of the tear in his plum-colored robe, but it may trouble many. We have nothing to say about the regulations respecting ball costumes, as we think that the whole of that part of the programme would be more honored in the breach than the observance."

HONDURAS.

MOVEMENTS OF WALKER.

Letters from Honduras state that General Walker's men appear to be arriving at Ruatan or its vicinity in vessels engaged in the fruit trade. Walker is reported to have gone to Swan Island. Part of the cargo of the schooner *Clifton*, supposed to be connected with the expedition, had been seized by the British authorities at Belize, to whom the vessel was afterward surrendered by her captain. Walker was reported to be preparing for a descent on Costa Rica or Nicaragua.

THE VISIT OF THE PRIN

THE VICTORIA TUBULAR BRIDG

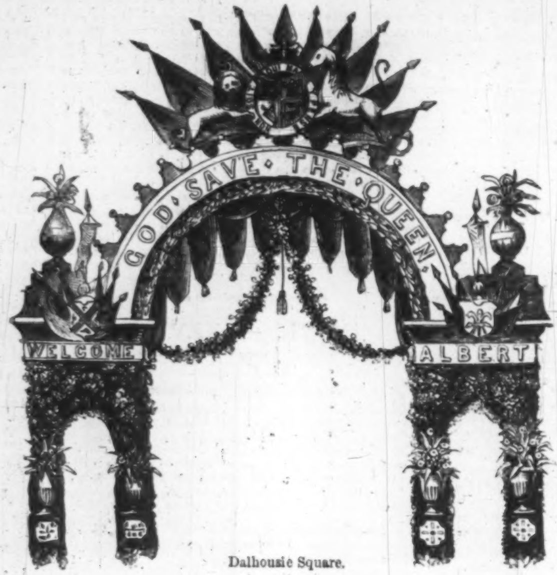
We publish herewith an engraving of the Victoria Tubular Bridge at Montreal, Canada, which the Prince of Wales has come to America to inaugurate. It is, as most of our readers may be aware, one of the noblest works of engineering in the world, and in its way perfectly unique.

We give, likewise, in illustration of the Prince's visit to Montreal, seven of the grand arches raised by the city in honor of its visitor, and the building erected for the grand ball that is to be given in his honor.

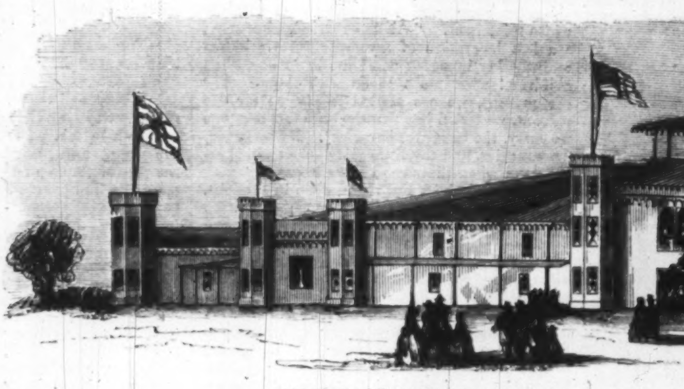
The Victoria Bridge was first planned over seven years ago, in July, 1853. The Grand Trunk Railway of Canada had then been pretty fully mapped out, and it being the design of the engineers of that work to run their road on the north side of the St. Lawrence above, and on the south side below, Montreal, a bridge at that point became an engineering as well as a commercial necessity. There were enormous difficulties in the way. The distance from shore to shore was very great; the river at that point is a rapid; in winter ice forms in large masses, which in spring travel downward with a force which, up to that time, no structure contrived by the hand of man had ever been able to withstand. With these obstacles in view, a consultation was held in July, 1853, between Mr. Ross, the engineer of the Grand Trunk Railway, and the late Mr. Robert Stephenson, and the Victoria Tubular Bridge, on the plan of the Britannia Bridge across the Menai Straits, was forthwith planned.

It took nine months to collect material for the work: three steamers and forty barges were kept constantly busy, and an army of workmen was imported from England. On 24th May, 1854, the coffer-dam for pier No. 1 was floated to its place, and throughout that summer the work was vigorously prosecuted. On Friday, December 1, the winter's inclemency came suddenly upon the country, and stopped all out-of-door operations; and on the 5th the ice had so increased in the river that all communication was cut off, and steamboats had ceased to run. The result of this rapid change in the state of the weather was that the dams of pier No. 1, which it had been intended to tow into dock, got fixed in the ice, and the contractors were obliged to abandon them to their fate. On the 4th of January, 1855, the usual "January thaw," as it is termed, occurred, and the water in the river rose fifteen feet, and dislodged and broke up the ice, which continued for some hours to come down with the current in large quantities. At mid-day it assumed so formidable a character in the vicinity of the bridge works that the dams and other temporary erections could no longer resist its force. Suddenly the whole gave way, and in less time than we take to write it there were not two sticks left together. The piers, thus suddenly stripped of their coverings, were now to be seen in their proper proportions to all appearance untouched and unimpaired, which the result of closer examination proved to be the case.

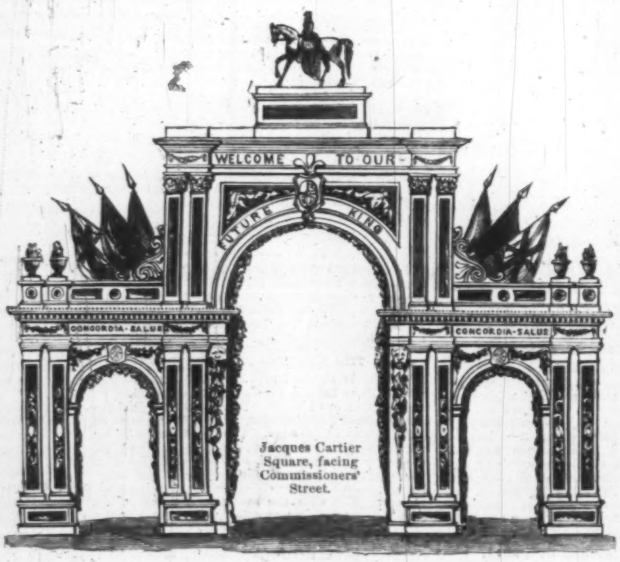
All the work had to be begun again; but, nothing daunted, as soon as navigation opened in 1855 the engineers renewed their labors, and that year some more pier dams were successfully laid. Winter began on 30th October, and the works were



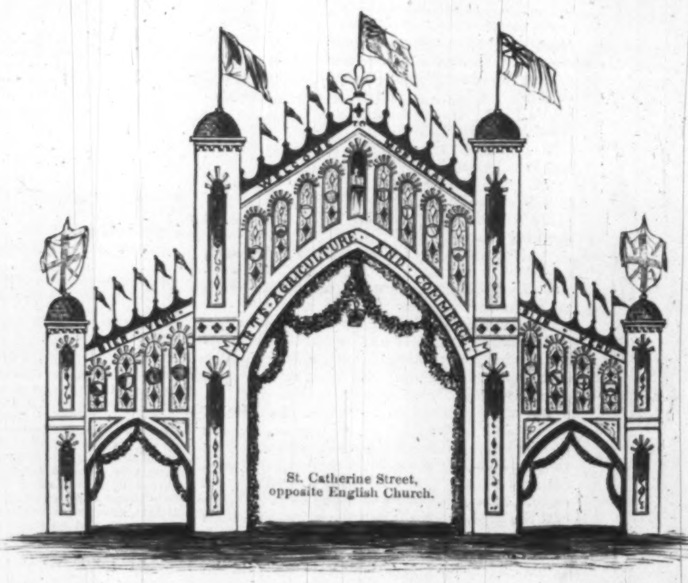
Dalhousie Square.



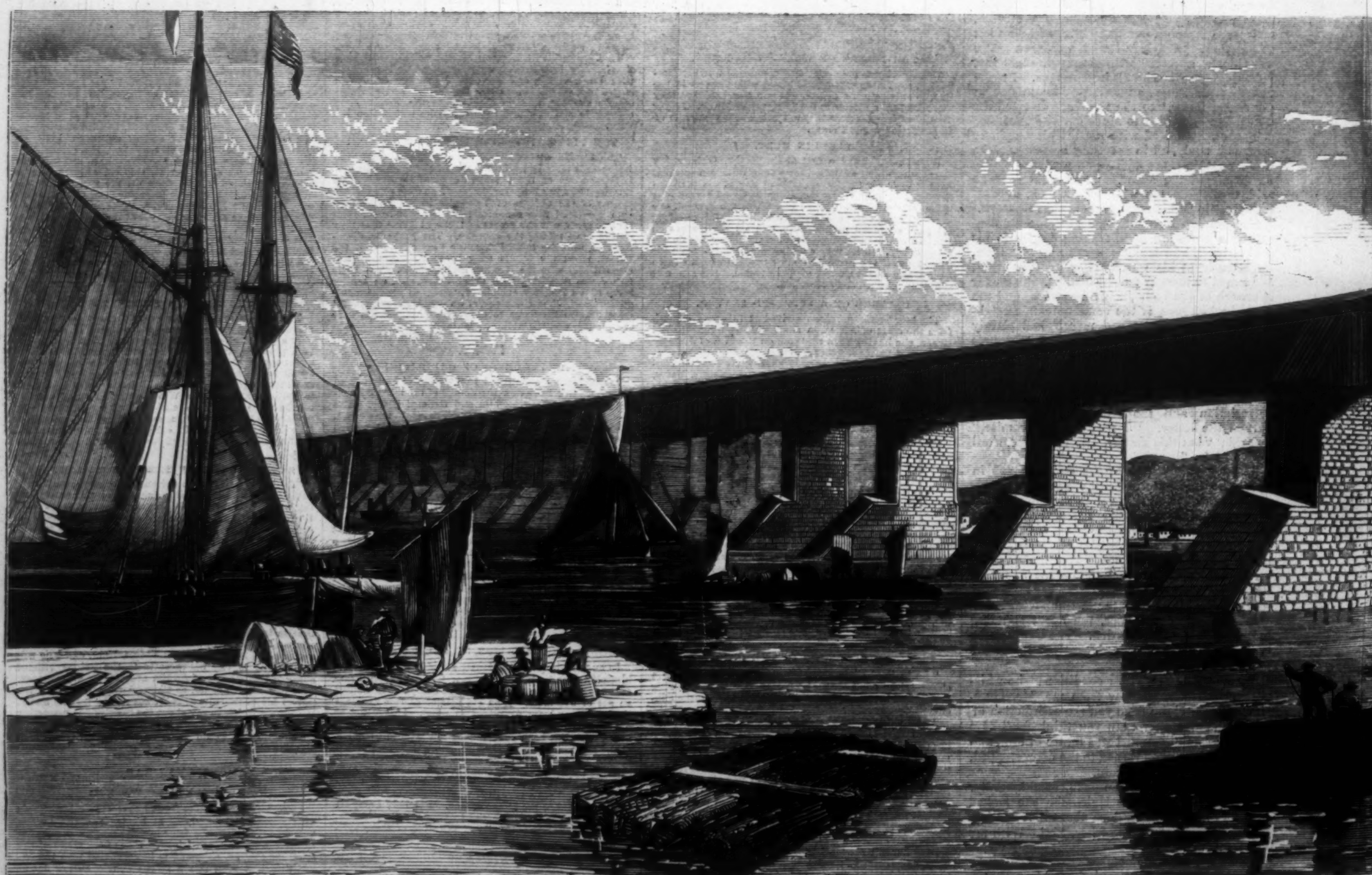
TEMPORARY BUILDING ERECTED FOR THE



Jacques Cartier Square, facing Commissioners' Street.

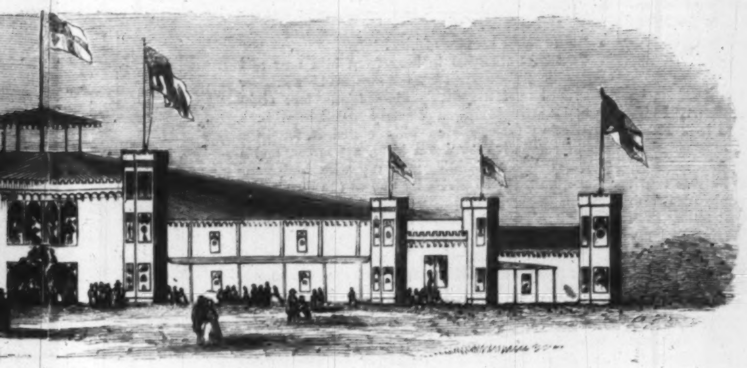


St. Catherine Street, opposite English Church.

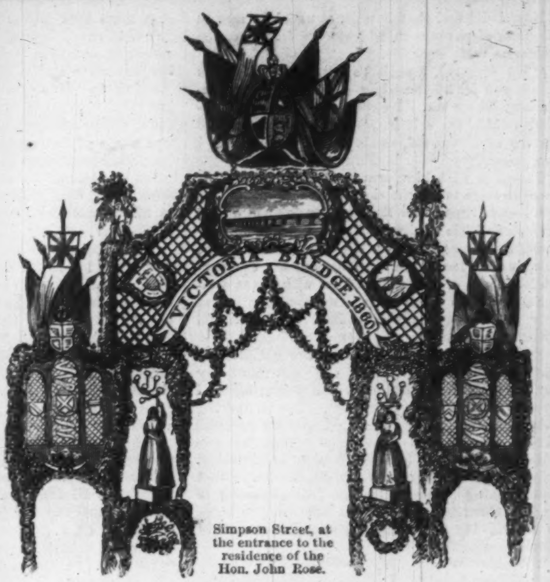


NCE OF WALES TO CANADA.

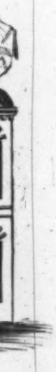
GE AND THE ARCHES AT MONTREAL.

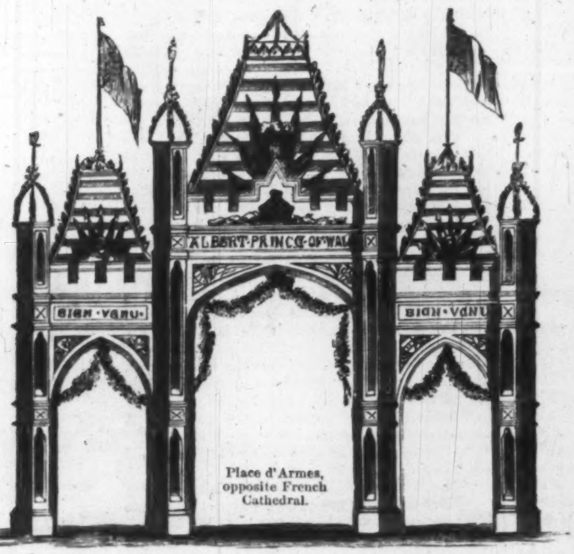


HE GRAND BALL TO BE GIVEN TO THE PRINCE.

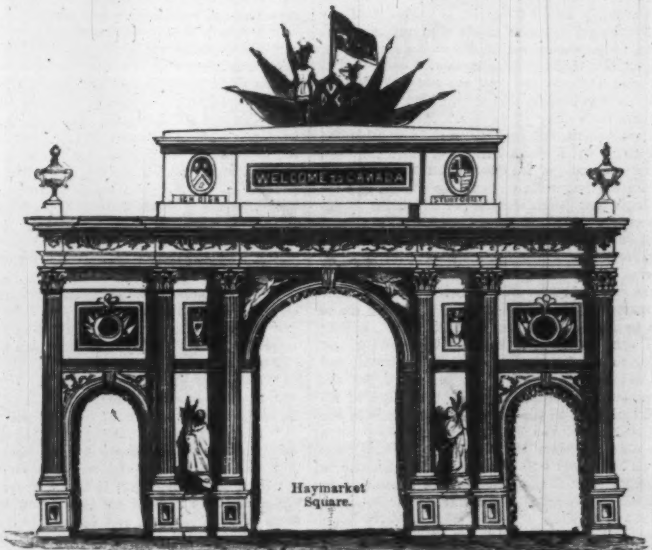


Simpson Street, at the entrance to the residence of the Hon. John Rose.





Place d'Armes, opposite French Cathedral.

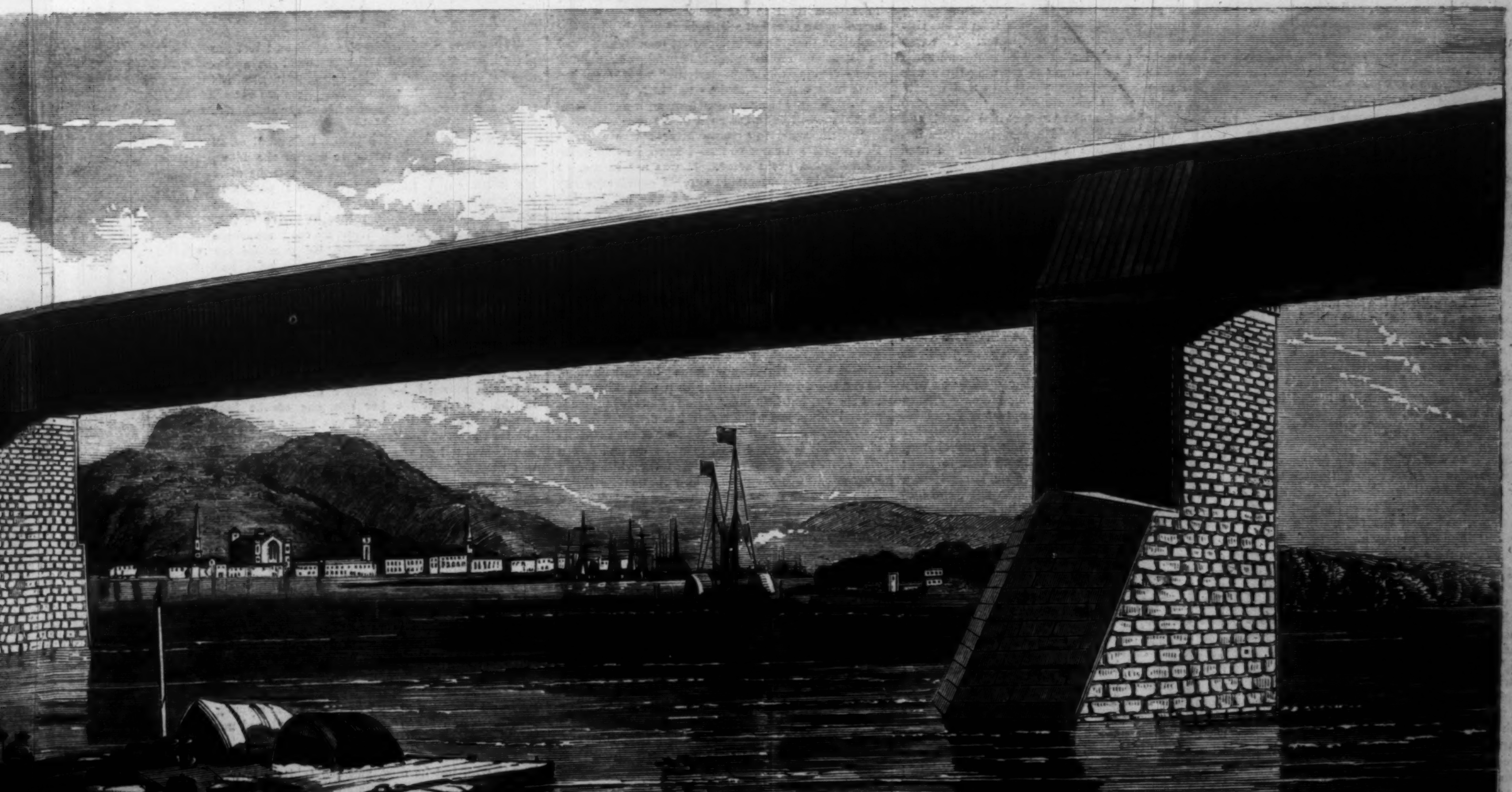


Haymarket Square.

then suspended till the following June. During the season of 1856 a good deal of work was done; at the close of navigation nine piers and the two abutments were complete. In 1857 five more piers were built, and the iron work was commenced. In the spring of 1858 the bridge was put to a severe test. The breaking up of the ice on the 1st of April was the most extraordinary in its effects that scientific men have ever witnessed in the colony. On the 30th of March the river was clear of ice to a certain extent above the bridge; but as yet no movement took place below; but on the following day, at 1 P.M., the river was rising fast, and on the 1st of April the general movement in the ice was observable, which continued for one hour, then suddenly stopped, the water still rising and continuing to do so till next day, and, as unexpectedly as before, a grand movement took place. The water was noticed to rise four feet in two minutes—the fields of ice accompanying this movement extending to an area of more than five hundred square miles, and so quick and overwhelming in its appearance that great numbers of the towns-people, who had congregated upon the quays in anticipation of what was to happen, had as suddenly to wheel about and run for their lives, by gaining as quickly as possible the nearest heights in the adjoining streets. This movement lasted about twenty minutes, and destroyed several portions of the substantial quay walls along the river, where it pressed the hardest, into atoms. The ice, in its progress between the piers of the bridge, was broken up by the force of the blow as soon as it came in contact with the cut-water. Occasional cakes of ice were strong enough to rise up and rear upon and against the pointed nose of the pier, until by the force of the water it was speedily made to roll over into the stream, and in a moment was out of sight. It was not until the 5th of April that the river was clear of ice, and as smooth as a mill-pond—the water having fallen seven feet. In a few days it fell to its ordinary level, and steamboats and other craft were once more able to resume their occupations on the river.

The engineers were now able also to examine with minuteness the extent and effects of the winter upon the works of the bridge. They found the preparatory measures proceeded with upon the ice in the winter for facilitating the construction of the remaining dams were all more or less disturbed, some carried away altogether, others so completely injured as to render them useless. Happily the permanent works were found to have sustained no damage whatever, excepting one stone dispatched from No. 9 pier, which was left unfinished the previous year at the height of 18 feet above water level.

This was, happily, the last disaster which the engineers were fated to encounter. Throughout 1858 and 1859 the work progressed rapidly and successfully, until, in the fall of the latter year, the bridge was completed, and the railway trains of the Grand Trunk Railroad passed through it successfully. It is, as it stands, one of the greatest engineering works in the world, and well deserves that the Prince of Wales should cross the ocean to inaugurate it formally



We can not do better than sum up this brief account with a few statistics. The first stone of pier No. 1 was laid on 20th July, 1854; the first passenger train passed through the bridge on 17th December, 1859. The following are the dimensions of the bridge (the total cost being $6,300,000): Total length of bridge, 9184 feet lineal. Number of spans, 25; 24 of 242 feet; one of 330 feet. Height from surface of water to underside of centre tube, 60 feet. Height from bed of river to top of centre tube, 108 feet. Greatest depth of water, 22 feet. General rapidity of current, 7 miles an hour. Cubic feet of masonry, 3,000,000. Cubic feet of timber, in temporary work, 2,250,000. Cubic yards of clay used in puddling dams, 146,000. Tons of iron in tubes, say 8250. Number of rivets, 2,500,000.

THE OLD PLAYER'S STORY.

I ONCE embraced the offer of an intelligent master of a work-house to visit the establishment under his charge. He received me at the door, and led me through the various rooms. The occupants were nearly all old men, a few—very few—were younger and sickly-looking, all dressed alike in the gray suit, and looking all alike, in a sullen and hopeless expression that is very saddening to see on human faces. Of course I asked questions by the score, and was answered. Few of them liked to discuss the cause of their ending their days in that place. Some few said it was misfortune; some said—poor old fellows—that their children had died; some did not know exactly what it was had brought them there. They had very little bread where they were, they said; and the master smiled.

"You've enough to eat, Brown?"

"Yes. I don't starve, but somehow I never feel full, always waiting for next meal; 'tain't pleasant sort of feeling that; still I can't help it, I am here, and shall be till I goes."

The last word was half regretful, half expectant in its tone.

"He is a fair sample of your birds, I suppose," said I.

"Yes, about the average, perhaps a little better than the general run. I've rather a curious specimen of the pauper human here somewhere. I like the old fellow, his is a sad case. Where's Gowling?"

"He is in the garden, Sir," said one. "Ye can just see him out of the window here, Sir, sitting under the lime-tree, there, Sir;" and a finger a *little*, just a *little* dirty, was stretched out to indicate the place of Gowling.

I of course looked, and saw a man I should have judged to be about sixty-five sitting under the tree. He was a good deal bent, and seemed lost in thought from the wrinkles on his face, or it might have been the vacant smile I had seen on other faces, though I could hardly tell what it was at that distance.

On my going up to him, the old man rose, and took off his cap with a grace and ease of manner, and withal a certain dignity, that made me instantly raise my hat.

"Would you like to sit down, Sir?" said he; and he looked at me.

"Thank you," I stammered, and sat down. I had not recovered from my astonishment—the pauper, with his cap that never could have cost sixpence, exhibiting with it the manners and ease of a gentleman. I was astonished, and sat silent.

"You've been through the house?"

"Oh, yes—I went through this afternoon."

"Curious place. Curious people in it."

"Yes; but they are all much alike in the main features, dress of course—but manner, expression of face. Most of them are from the same class, 'the laboring poor,' as one of our poets has emphatically called them. You find them not very congenial companions?"

"Not very. They are kind, or mean to be; and would be respectful, if there were not adverse influences to the existence of such a feeling. The chaplain is rather against me."

"You smoke, Mr. Gowling?"

"I do, when I can," and the old man laughed—a laugh that was at once bitter and pitiful.

I offered him my cigar-case. He made his selection, and struck a light with the fusee. I lit my own with one, and was enjoying the first few whiffs, when I presently noticed my companion's cigar had no light—it had gone out. I looked in the fusee-box—it was empty.

"Oh, never mind. I'll keep it till another time."

I handed him mine.

"No, Sir—it's no use to me. My lungs are not what they used to be, and I can't light it unless you draw at the same time. I can light it then."

I drew my breath till the end of my cigar was almost a flame, and then the old man, with his feeble breath, kindled his own. I noticed him more as our faces were close together. His brow, rather high and rounded, was crossed in every direction by wrinkles; the eyes were dark, the eyebrows almost gone; while the cheeks more resembled parchment than aught else. The face close shaven, and a few locks of thin gray hair just showed under the cap.

"Well," said he, after some few puffs at his cigar, "what do you think of me?"

I was blushing again. I really thought he had been too much occupied with his cigar to observe how much I noticed him.

"I scarcely know. It is so unusual to find one having your education in such a place as this that I am sure I hardly know what to think of your being here."

"You talk of my education. What do you suppose I am?"

"I was going to say an actor, but that—"

"You're right; I am an actor. I am," he sighed, "no—I was."

"You really interest me very much. I should be glad, very glad—should take it as a favor, if you would tell me the—the—indeed, the story of your life. I am very much interested."

"My dear Sir—"

Now I did feel that it was not usual for men in the dress of paupers to address the friends of the master as "My dear Sir,"

"My dear Sir, I shall be very happy if I can amuse you for a little while—I fear it's no use beginning before tea. I expect the bell to ring directly. Ah, there it is. Will you come in and see the carnivora fed, as they used to say when I was young?"

I went in with him, arm in arm—how the paupers did stare to see the old fellow hanging on my arm!—and then I saw them sitting down at a long table—the little wedge of bread and the smaller one of cheese were eaten carefully to spread out the flavor over a longer time. I noticed my companion had a cup of tea brought him, which was a favor accorded to but few: half an hour and it was over, and we came out again into the garden and sat down once more. He seemed revived.

"I like my tea. You see we are not allowed many stimulants here, and I only get this every day by the order of the doctor—a young fellow I used to know many years ago. I was playing Othello at the time in Bradford, and an accident having happened to one of the shifters, he was called in. He set his leg—it was broken—and helped him with money afterward, I know, and I took a liking to him. He was just beginning to practice then, and thought it a fine thing to know an actor. He orders me tea now;" and the old man was silent.

"Try another cigar, Mr. Gowling, and you'll be better;" and he did. It really was a pleasure to see him slowly and weakly draw in the smoke, and then as slowly and weakly let it curl out of his scarcely opened lips with an air of regret at its departure. He smoked on in silence for some time, and I let him without interruption.

"I said I would tell you my story. Well, to begin. I was born in this town of Burnton something less than sixty years ago. My father was a small tradesman, and sent me to the best school he could afford till I was a little over thirteen. He was rather proud of me, poor old father. I used to recite on the public days in the school, and repeat Latin and Greek orations, of which the meaning was not a little obscure even to me; what it must have been to my hearers I don't know. My father took me away from school to the shop. He was a tailor. I don't think any boy with a grain of life in him would choose to be a tailor as a matter of taste. As for me, it worried me to death to sit hour after hour, stitch, stitch, stitch; and I used to beguile the time by reciting and reading to the few men my father employed, and they did my share of work in return for the amusement it afforded them. At the age of fifteen I took part in some private theatricals in the town, and found the bustle of preparation much more pleasant than the dull shop-work. They went off well, and when next the players came to the town I went to the manager and asked him to take me. He laughed, for I was fit for nothing. Of course I was too big for a page, and too little for a man-at-arms, too young for a first, second, or even third lover, and too old for any accidental boy parts. I was disappointed; but I soon had to leave the then detested shop. My father was rather of a serious turn. He heard of my going to the manager, and locked me up, then about sixteen, and fed me on bread and water. This was rather too bad; so I took French leave, and when the bread and water came one morning there was no one to eat it. I was pleased to find myself with a pair of socks and a clean shirt wrapped up in a handkerchief, about 'to face the world, and try to wring the hard-held honors from stern fortune's hand.' Still I was young then. I need scarcely tell you that sitting here I often regretted that fine May morning's work that took me from home.

"I went to one town after another, and at each sought out the manager of the theatre, and tried hard to get in as any thing. I was no use; my voice was not yet set or certain. 'Why, young Sir,' said one to me, 'you're as slim as a girl, and if you were to make love in the tone you've been talking to me in, the people would insist that I had made a girl play the lover's part. I'd take you, but you are no use to me at all. Two years hence you can come again—then I may talk to you.'

"I felt it was true, but still wanted to be in a theatre; so I entered a traveling circus company as holder and ring-raker. I kept at it for eighteen months, and then the manager joined another in the regular acting line. Now was my chance. They wanted a lover, and wanted him to ride; their first lover could no more sit a horse than a sack could; the first lady saw him once, and said she should die with laughing if he came on; so I offered. I did well, and thought I was on the road to fortune; I felt that Kemble and the rest of the great actors were only the same men as I was, with better chances. That is more than forty years ago though. I'm wiser now.

"After this success I became first gentleman in that company, and remained so for some years. The manager took the leading parts, so I had no chance. I changed my name—first, as Gowling did not look well in a bill; and next, because I did not want to hurt my poor old father's feelings more than I could help—I took the name of Alphonsus Montague. It looked well on the bills, I used to think at one time. Somebody, I forget who, says, 'What's in a name?' I know there is a good deal in a name when it's on the play-bills; and, the public being judge, Alphonsus Montague was better than James Gowling, for it drew better houses.

"In the company there was a girl who took second lady. I don't say I fell in love with her: I don't think men of our class do fall in love. The constant exercising the imitative powers in delineating that passion weakens, I think, the power of feeling it as other men feel it. I liked her; she was good, industrious, rising in the profession, and I married her. There never was a better woman lived, and she had her reward: I don't suppose that there ever was a woman more respected in any company. I never had even a row about her but once, and then, a man being very insolent to her, she came and told me, just as I came off as Macduff in 'Macbeth.' I went to the manager and told him that the man must leave the place at once. The manager said it was impossible; he was a son of the noble owner of half the town; his father was then in the house; these things must be endured. I said they should not be endured; and that if he would not protect the ladies in his company, I should take the liberty of protecting my wife."

"And how did it end?"

"Why, I went to the little beast, titled as he was, and kicked him out at the stage-door. I did, Sir, though you would not think it to look at me now."

"And the manager?"

"Came and thanked me. Said he was much obliged to me; he had had more annoyance from the complaints of the girls about that fellow than from any other cause. He raised mine and my wife's salary that same week."

I had been noticing, while he was speaking, a number of children who came out of the house, and were dispersing in various groups to play. They were all dressed alike in the gray, true pauper gray, and ran and jumped as if they were not dependent on a paternal state for their support. One child, a little, large-eyed girl, passed once or twice before us, and then stood still, looking at me a little way off. I looked at her, and she pulled the corner of her little apron, and blushed, and so remained till he had done speaking.

"Whose is that pretty child, there?" said I.

"That—that's my little Alice. Here, Alice! come here, dear."

The child needed no second bidding, but ran to the old pauper; and, being lifted with no little effort on to his knee, hid her face against his breast, and still glanced at me. I, of course, found some object of attraction in the garden that enabled me to let her see my face without my appearing to see her; she was soon satisfied, apparently, for the glances became more bold and determined.

"Who is that, Papa Gowling?"

"A friend of mine; he won't hurt you."

She looked again to see if I had any intention of doing her mischief, and being satisfied, sat upright on the old man's knee.

"There, Alice; you see he's not going to hurt my little Alice. Won't you shake hands with him?"

She did.

"This your grandchild?" said I.

"Yes,—the only one left," and the voice fell as he stooped and kissed her uplifted face.

"You were saying that the manager raised your salary after the little fracas about your wife?"

"Ah! yes, he did, and we went on very well for some time. I began to find I was not a star. Once or twice I went up to London and heard some of the best men, and found that I could not equal them. I don't know a more painful sensation, Sir, than that attendant on the discovery of the limit of your powers. Every man not blinded by conceit, who is over thirty, must have felt this. There is a limit to our powers; other men have more—some less, but still it is very painful to feel conscious that the eminence that man has attained to whom you are listening is beyond you. Young men—very young men—feel that what man has done man can do. It does not last. Most men at thirty know their pace well enough to tell them that they will be in the ruck of the race of life.

"Well, some few years after I was married this conviction came to me—I knew I could never be a star—a great actor. It was not in me. I was simply a respectable one. I could take any part, and do that part so that I was not laughed at; but there I was stopped. I could go no further. I never could raise the enthusiasm of my audience. They listened and did not disapprove; but when I played a leading part the boxes did not let and the pit was not full. I could not help it, you know. I can safely say I never went on without knowing every word of the part. I was always correct, and in the second and third parts did well. Stars liked me. They used to come down for the benefits occasionally, and used to say, 'Let me have Gowling with me; he's a safe man, never too forward,—no clap-trap with him—he's not showy, but he's safe.' Now, you see, praise is a good thing, but when a man has dreamed for ten years or so that he is to be the star of the theatrical world, it is rather hard to wake up and find a star of no very great magnitude telling him he's a very good back-ground to show that star's light. Ah me! those hopes of youth—how the large bud brings forth but the little flower!"

"Still, Mr. Gowling, it was something not to have failed utterly. There must be back-grounds, you know, and there must be second parts as well as first."

"True, Sir, true; and human nature soon adapts itself to circumstances. Three months after I knew I was no genius the ambition to be one left me. I was content to do my part and enjoy life. I had four children—three boys and one girl. That's her child—poor little thing." And he stroked the head of little Alice caressingly while she played with the buttons on his coat.

"The boys, of course, we tried to make useful in the profession. Christmas was a family harvest—all were busy then—all making money. You know that the profession is not favorable to health. The excitement—particularly to children—soon wears them out. I know, often and often, I've seen my boys as imps and that kind of thing, and felt the life was too fast for them. Late at night to go from the hot theatre into the cold night air was a sad trial to the constitution, and children are not old men. You can not persuade boys of twelve and fourteen that they ought to wrap their throats, and not run out into the cold at night. We could not, and we lost two of the three boys within a year of each other. Lung-disease, the doctor said. It carries off a good many of those children, you see, in the Christmas pantomimes. I often wonder whether the house thinks of those kind of things."

"And the other children?"

"The boy left our company when he was about eighteen, and joined another as second gentleman. He was as good an actor as his father, and no better. He thought he was a genius, poor boy, as his father had thought before him. He had no experience to teach him; so he thought he was ill-used, and left us."

"And what became of him?"

"At first we used to hear from him now and then—then there was a long silence, and his mother worried herself dreadfully about him. One night I had been playing a country gentleman in a screaming farce, as the bills called it, for in a small company you are a king, a warrior, and a fool—all in one evening; so my wife had gone home, and when I arrived came to the door to let me in.

"'Don't be frightened, dear, here's Alfred come back.'

"I went up, and there he was; but, my God, what a wreck! His eyes blood-shot, his hands trembling, and a hot red spot on his cheeks.

"'Well, father, how are you?'

"I did not answer; I sat down and cried. He tried hard to keep from it, but he couldn't; he came and knelt down in front of me, covered his face with his hands, and cried like a child. His mother, poor soul, clung round his neck, and kissed him, and cried till I was beside myself. He told his story. He had made a mistake. He thought himself a great actor. Managers did not; the public backed the managers, and were right too. He could not stand the disappointment; had no wife as his father had had to console him, and he took to the actor's curse—drink. He sank lower and lower, became ill, could do nothing, and just crawled home to die.

"One night, I had just come off, when I was told some one wanted me at the stage-door. I went, and found the girl of the house where we lodged. She wanted me to come home directly; I was wanted at once. Mr. Alfred was very ill. Our manager had his benefit that night, and we had one of the first-rate London men down as Hamlet. I was dressed as the Ghost. I forgot all about dress then, and rushed home: it was too late, poor Alfred was gone! He lay, his head in his mother's arms; she was dressed as the Queen, and was weeping hot, silent tears that fell on my dead boy's face, one by one. His sister was sunk down on her knees by the bed-side, as I entered, and the people of the house were standing looking on. I shall never forget it—never.

"I was roused by a touch on the shoulder. A message from the theatre.

"'Manager says he should be glad if you could come back.'

"'Look here, Jennings, do you think I can?'

"'Not to do any thing, Sir; but you might see him; perhaps it would be better.'

"I left them, and went back, saw the manager and told him; and though it was his benefit night, he said he would read both parts himself.

"'God bless you, Gowling, I am sorry for you, very sorry; if I can do any thing for you, let me know.'

"I went to the dressing-room, and as I left the place heard the applause that attended the apologies for our absence, and his announcement of his intention to read the parts. Managers are not all alike, and he was a good friend to me, was Charles Gordon.

"We buried the poor boy, and then went on as before. His mother never recovered the blow, and gradually sunk, and about six months after his death could no longer take her parts; so Alice and I had to do our best. I noticed that a young fellow had been rather attentive to her, and was not surprised when he took me aside one night and told me he wanted to make her his wife. He was just such another as I had been myself when his age. I thought it better to see her the wife of a respectable actor than remain single behind the scenes, for she was a good girl was Alice. Well, they married, and remained in the company. I was getting old you see, then, and it was some comfort to see her with some one to take care of her. Soon after she married her mother died, and I laid in the grave, beside her son, one of the best women that ever lived. I was alone now, and old, for the wear and tear of an active life, and the late hours, tell on the strongest constitution. It was something awful the change from the light, and glare, and noise of the theatre to the silence and quiet of my own poor room. Just then, too, the company was broken up; and at the age I was then it was a serious thing for me. We all three tried to keep together, but it was no use. Those who wanted an old man did not want a second lady, or a third gentleman, and so we were divided. I went on circuit as an old man with very poor pay—as much as I was worth though, I dare say, for I was getting feeble, and 'Speak up, old 'un!' was the salute I had from the galleries directly I opened my mouth.

"I heard from Alice every week, and saved her letter for Sundays, for the day was long and dull to me. I could not make new friends. The young pitied me, and I was proud then, and 'loved not pity;' so I was a lonely old man.

"Alice's husband died. I don't remember now how it was, but he died, and she told me it was just after this little one was born. I quite longed to see her, but she could not come, and I could not go, so we only wrote to each other. I have all her letters now, poor girl. She came to see me once afterward, and was looking ill and fagged; and soon after that visit our company was broken up again.

"I tried hard for an engagement, traveled from place to place, spent all the little I had saved, and then was laid up at a place some fifty or sixty miles from here. They took me from the inn to the Union when the money was gone; and after a deal of waiting and grumbling they brought me here. I little thought when, as a boy, I used to get the nests out of this tree that I should end my days here an old worn-out pauper. You know where it says, 'There's a Providence that shapes our ends, rough-hew them as we may.' I've often said that on the stage. I *feel* it now." And the old man mused in silence.

"And your daughter?"

"Alice? She died in this house not two years ago, poor child."

"Here, do you mean?"

"Yes, there in that room." And he pointed to a window in the back part of the house. "That one, where the sun shines on it through the trees."

"Oh, what did she die? She was young."

"The same disease that carried off her brothers, consumption. She knew I was here, and spent her last money in coming; and the doctor, good fellow that he is, would have her in here. She lingered on for about a fortnight up there, and then died one evening at sunset holding my hand, and the child lying on her breast. Poor girl! she looked so beautiful in her coffin. Ah! I've outlived them all but this little one." And the old man looked fondly on the child, and stroked her head with his lean shriveled hand. "It's rather sad to see them all gone—all—wife, sons, and Alice all gone. Poor Alice!" And the old pauper's eyes were full of the slow-coming tears of age.

I had a cough, and felt husky in the throat, and the wind blew the dust in my eyes.

"You and my friend seem to agree well, Mr. Gowling," said the voice of the master close by.

"Yes, Sir, he says he likes to listen to an old man's talk. It's very kind of him—very kind."

"I've been expressing my wonder to Mr. Gowling to find him here."

"Want of proper economy, Sir; nothing more. People of his profession are very reckless and improvident—very."

"You're right and you're wrong at once," said the old man. "We are not a saving people, I grant. The whole tendency of the profession is against it. We don't earn much—I mean such as myself. Of course genius is always well rewarded, but mediocrity in this is subject to competition as in other trades or professions. Then the little we do earn is spent in ways to which other professions have nothing analogous. Look at our dresses—we find all, and when a man throws himself into his part, does his best to please the public and do his duty to the manager, he will not have much left to be extravagant with. Besides, the qualities of nature that make a good economist—a careful saving man—are not those which make a good actor. It is too much to ask that a man should, on the stage, have to affect the liberal notions of a spendthrift, and off the stage be a niggard.

"Still, Mr. Gowling, you admit it is possible to save."

"Oh, yes! *possible*, but difficult, inasmuch as the qualities that make the actor are not, nor are they usually found associated with, those of the rigid economist; and it is only the rigid economist among such men as myself who can save at all. Look, too, at the liabilities to disease, the uncertainties of the means of living we have, and you will see that we are, on the whole, as hardly worked for the amount of pay we receive as any class of men."

THE

Uncommercial Traveler

IN LONDON CHAMBERS.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

At one period of my uncommercial career my friend Parkle lived in a set of chambers in Gray's Inn Square. They were what is familiarly called "a top set," and all the eatables and drinkables introduced into them acquired a flavor of Cockloft.

Two of the windows of these chambers looked down into the garden; and we have sat up there together, many a summer evening, saying how pleasant it was, and talking of many things. To my intimacy with that top set I am indebted for three of my liveliest personal impressions of the loneliness of life in chambers. They shall follow here, in order, first, second, and third.

First. My Gray's Inn friend, on a time, hurt one of his legs, and it became seriously inflamed. Not knowing of his indisposition, I was on my way to visit him as usual, one summer evening, when I was much surprised by meeting a lively leech in Field Court, Gray's Inn, seemingly on his way to the West End of London. As the leech was alone, and was, of course, unable to explain his position, even if he had been inclined to do so (which he had not the appearance of being), I passed him and went on. Turning the corner of Gray's Inn Square, I was beyond expression amazed by meeting another leech—also entirely alone, and also proceeding in a westerly direction, though with less decision of purpose. Ruminating on this extraordinary circumstance, and endeavoring to remember whether I had ever read, in the Philosophical Transactions, or any work on Natural History, of a migration of leeches, I ascended to the top set, past the dreary series of closed outer doors of offices and an empty set or two, which intervened between that lofty region and the surface. Entering my friend's rooms, I found him stretched upon his back, like Prometheus Bound, with a perfectly demented ticket-porter in attendance on him instead of the Vulture, which helpless individual, who was feeble and frightened, had (my friend explained to me, in great choler) been endeavoring for some hours to apply leeches to his leg, and as yet had only got on two out of twenty. To this unfortunate's distraction between a damp cloth on which he had placed the leeches to freshen them, and the wrathful adjurations of my friend to "Stick 'em on, Sir!" I referred the phenomenon I had encountered: the rather as two fine specimens were at that moment going out at the door, while a general insurrection of the rest was in progress on the table. After a while our united efforts prevailed; and when the leeches came off, and had recovered their spirits, we carefully tied them up in a decanter. But I never heard more of them than that they were all gone next morning, and that the Out-of-door young man of Bickle, Bush, and Bodger, on the ground-floor, had been bitten and blooded by some creature not identified. They never "took" on Mrs. Miggot, the laundress; but I have always preserved fresh the belief that she unconsciously carried several about her, until they gradually found openings in life.

Second. On the same staircase with my friend Parkle, and on the same floor, there lived a man of law, who pursued his business elsewhere, and used those chambers as his place of residence. For three or four years Parkle rather knew of him than knew him; but after that—for Englishmen—short pause of consideration, they began to speak. Parkle exchanged words with him in his private character only, and knew nothing of his manners, ways, or means. He was a man a good deal about town, but always alone. We used to remark to one another that, although we often encountered him in theatres, concert-rooms, and similar public places, he was always alone. Yet he was not a gloomy man, and was of a decidedly conversational turn; insomuch that he would sometimes of an evening lounge, with a cigar in his mouth, half in, half out, of Parkle's rooms, and discuss the topics of the day by the hour. He used to hint on these occasions that he had four faults to find with life; firstly, that a man was always winding up his watch; secondly, that London was too small; thirdly, that it therefore wanted variety; fourthly, that there was too much dust in it. There was so much dust in his own faded chambers, certainly, that they reminded me of a sepulchre, furnished in prophetic anticipation of the present time, which had newly been brought to light, after having lain buried a few thousand years. One dry, hot autumn evening, at twilight, this gentleman, being then five years turned of fifty, looked in upon Parkle, in his usual lounging way, with his cigar in his mouth as usual, and said, "I am going out of town." As he never went out of town, Parkle said, "Oh indeed, at last?" "Yes," says he, "at last. For what is a man to do? London is so small! If you go west, you come to Hounslow. If you go east, you come to Bow. If you go south, there's Brixton or Norwood. If you go north, you can't get rid of Barnet. Then the monotony of all the streets, streets, streets—and of all the roads, roads, roads—and the dust, dust, dust!" When he had said this he wished Parkle a good-evening, but came back again, and said, with his watch in his hand, "Oh, I really can not go on winding up this watch over and over again; I wish you would take care of it." So Parkle laughed, and consented; and he went out of town. He remained out of town so long that his letter-box became choked, and no more letters could be got into it, and they began to be left at the lodge, and to accumulate there. At last the head-porter decided on a conference with the steward to use his master's key and look into the chambers, and give them the benefit of a whiff of air. Then it was found that he had hanged himself to his bedstead, and had left this written memorandum: "I should prefer to be cut down by my neighbor and friend (if he will allow me to call him so), Mr. Parkle." This was the end of Parkle's occupancy of chambers, and he went into lodgings immediately.

Third. While Parkle lived in Gray's Inn, and I myself was uncommercially preparing for the Bar—which is done, as every body knows, by having a frayed old gown put on in a pantry by an old woman in a chronic state of Saint Anthony's fire and dropsy, and, so decorated, bolting a bad dinner in a party of four, whereof each individual mistrusts the other three—I say, while these things were, there was a certain elderly gentleman who lived in a court of the Temple, and was a great judge and lover of port-wine. Every day he dined at his club and drank his bottle or two of port-wine, and every night came home to the Temple and went to bed in his lonely chambers. This had gone on many years without variation, when one night he had a fit on coming home, and fell and cut his head deep, but partly recovered, and groped about in the dark to find the door. When he was afterward discovered, dead, it was clearly established by the marks of his hands about the room that he must have done so. Now this chanced on the night of Christmas-Eve, and over him lived a young fellow who had sisters and young friends, and who gave them a little party that night, in the course of which they played at Blindman's-Buff. They played that game, for greater sport, by the light of the fire only; and once, when they were all quietly nestling and stealing about, and the blind man was trying to pick out the prettiest sister (for which I am far from blaming him), somebody said, Hark! The man below must surely be playing Blindman's-Buff by himself to-night! They listened, and they heard sounds of some one falling about, and stumbling against furniture; and they all laughed at the conceit, and went on with their play more light-hearted and merry than before. Thus those two so different games of life and death were played out together, blindfold, in the two sets of chambers.

These are the occurrences which, coming to my knowledge, imbued me long ago with a strong sense of the loneliness of chambers. There was a fantastic illustration to much the same purpose implicitly believed by a strange sort of man, now dead, whom I knew when I had not quite arrived at legal years of discretion, though I was already in the uncommercial line.

This was a man who, though not more than thirty, had seen the world in divers irreconcilable capacities, had been an officer in a South American regiment among other odd things—but had not achieved much in any way of life, and was constitutionally in debt, and hiding. He occupied chambers of the dreariest nature in Lyons Inn; his name, however, was not upon the door or door-post, but in lieu of it stood the name of a friend who had died in the chambers, and had given him the furniture. The story arose out of the furniture, and was to this effect: Let the former holder of the chambers, whose name was still upon the door and door-post, be Mr. Testator.

Mr. Testator took a set of chambers in Lyons Inn, where he had but very scanty furniture for his bedroom, and none for his sitting-room. He had lived some wintry months in this condition, and had found it very bare and cold. One night past midnight, when he sat writing, and had still writing to do that must be done before he went to bed, he found himself out of coals. He had coals down stairs, but had never been to the cellar; however, the cellar-key was on his mantle-shelf, and if he went down and opened the cellar it fitted, he might fairly assume the coals in that cellar to be his. As to his laundress, she lived among the coal-wagons and Thames watermen—for there were Thames watermen at that time—in some unknown rat-hole by the river, down lanes and alleys on the other side of the Strand. As to any other person to meet him or obstruct him, Lyons Inn was dreaming, drunk, maudlin, moody, betting, brooding over bill-discounting or renewing; asleep or awake, minding its own affairs. Mr. Testator took his coal-scuttle in one hand, his candle and key in the other, and descended to the dismalest dens of Lyons Inn, where the late vehicles in the streets became thunderous, and all the water-pipes in the neighborhood seemed to have Macbeth's Amen sticking in their throats, and to be trying to get it out. After groping here and there among the low doors to no purpose, Mr. Testator at length came to a door with a rusty padlock which his key fitted. Getting the door open with much trouble, and looking in, he found no coals, but a confused pile of furniture. Alarmed by this intrusion on another man's property, he locked the door again, found his own cellar, filled his scuttle, and returned up stairs.

But the furniture he had seen ran on castors across and across Mr. Testator's mind incessantly, when, in the chill hour of five in the morning, he got to bed. He particularly wanted a table to write at, and a table expressly made to be written at had been the piece of furniture in the foreground of the heap. When the laundress emerged from her burrow in the morning to make his kettle boil, he artfully led up to the subject of cellars and furniture; but the two ideas had evidently no connection in her mind. When she left him, and he sat at his breakfast, thinking about the furniture, he recalled the rusty state of the padlock, and inferred that the furniture must have been stored in the cellars for a long time—was perhaps forgotten—owner dead, perhaps? After thinking it over a few days, in the course of which he could pump nothing out of Lyons Inn about the furniture, he became desperate, and resolved to borrow that table. He did so that night. He had not had the table long when he determined to borrow an easy-chair; he had not had that long when he made up his mind to borrow a book-case; then a couch; then a carpet and rug. By that time he felt he was "in furniture stepped in so far," as that it could be no worse to borrow it all. Consequently he borrowed it all, and locked up the cellar for good. He had always locked it after every visit. He had carried up every separate article in the dead of the night, and, at best, had felt like a Resurrection Man. Every article was blue and furry when brought into his rooms, and he had had, in a murderous and wicked sort of way, to polish it up while London slept.

Mr. Testator lived in his furnished chambers two or three years, or more, and gradually lulled himself into the opinion that the furniture was his. This was his convenient state of mind when, late one night, a step came up the stairs, and a hand passed over his door feeling for his knocker, and then one deep and solemn rap was rapped that might have been a spring in Mr. Testator's easy-chair to shoot him out of it: so promptly was it attended with that effect.

With a candle in his hand, Mr. Testator went to the door, and found there a very pale and very tall man; a man who stooped; a man with very high shoulders, a very narrow chest, and a very red nose; the shabby-genteel man was wrapped in a long threadbare black coat, fastened up the front with more pins than buttons, and under his arm he squeezed an umbrella without a handle, as if he was playing bagpipes. He said, "I ask your pardon, Sir, but can you tell me—" and stopped, his eye resting on some object within the chambers.

"Can I tell you what?" asked Mr. Testator, noting this stoppage with quick alarm.

"I ask your pardon," said the stranger, "but—this is not the inquiry I was going to make—DO I see in there any small article of property belonging to *me*?"

Mr. Testator was beginning to stammer that he was not aware—when the visitor slipped past him into the chambers. There, in a goblin way that froze Mr. Testator to the marrow, he examined, first, the writing-table, and said, "Mine;" then the easy-chair, and said, "Mine;" then the book-case, and said, "Mine;" then turned up a corner of the carpet, and said, "Mine;" in a word, inspected every item of furniture from the cellar, in succession, and said, "Mine!" Toward the end of this investigation, Mr. Testator perceived that he was sodden with liquor, and that the liquor was gin. He was not unsteady with gin, either in his speech or carriage; but he was stiff with gin in both respects.

Mr. Testator was in a dreadful state, for (according to his making out of the story) the possible consequences of what he had done in recklessness and hardihood flashed upon him in their fullness for the first time. When they had stood gazing at one another for a little while, he tremulously began:

"Sir, I am conscious that the fullest explanation, compensation, and restitution are your due. They shall be yours. Allow me to entreat that without temper, without even natural irritation on your part, we may have a little—"

"Drop of something to drink," interposed the stranger. "I am agreeable."

Mr. Testator had intended to say, "a little quiet conversation," but with great relief of mind adopted the amendment. He produced a decanter of gin, and was bustling about for hot water and sugar, when he found that his visitor had already drunk half the decanter's contents. With hot water and sugar the visitor drank the remainder before he had been an hour in the chambers by the chimes of the church of Saint Mary in the Strand, and during the process he frequently repeated to himself, "Mine!"

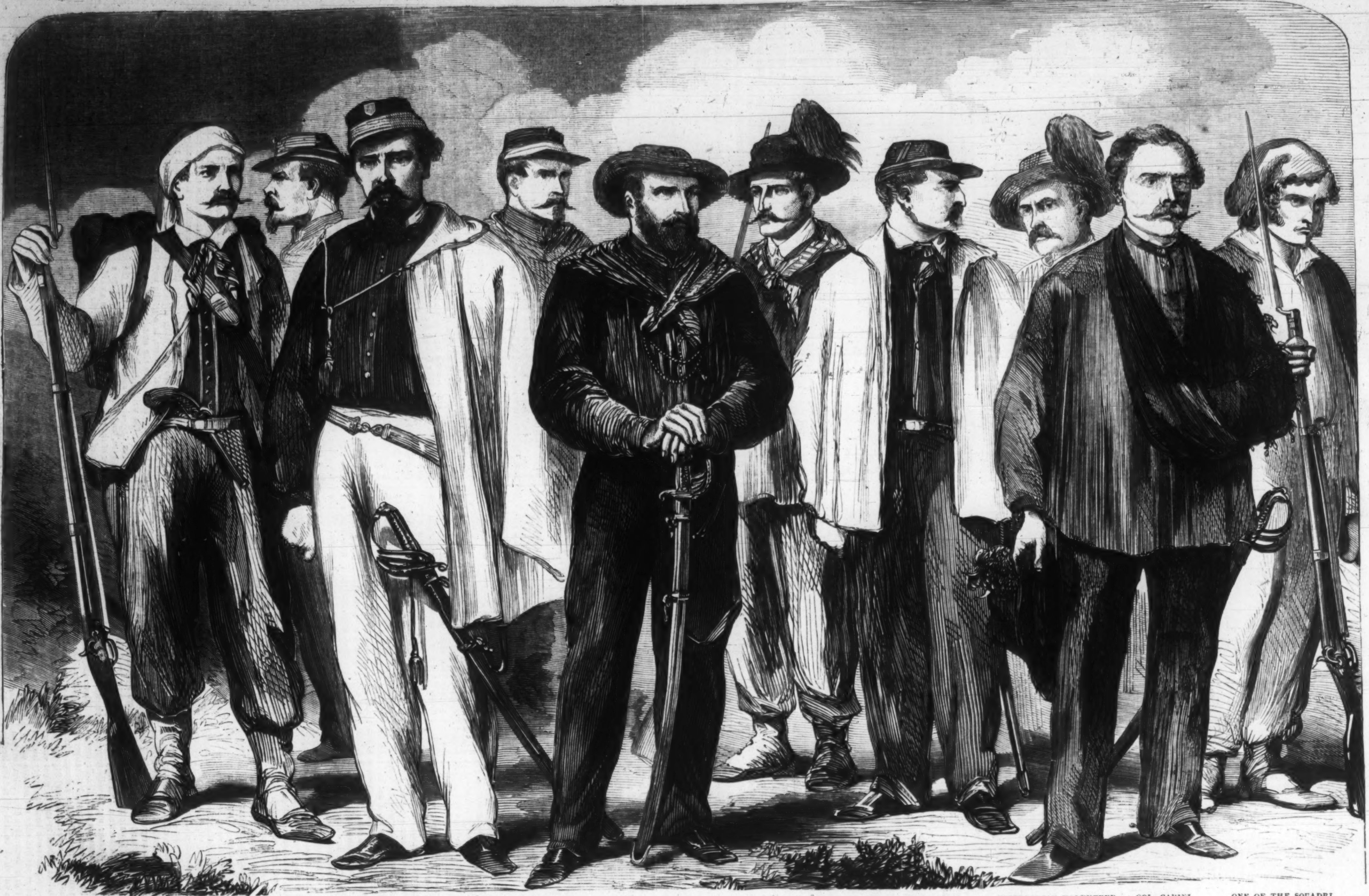
The gin gone, the visitor rose and said, with increased stiffness, "At what hour of the morning, Sir, will it be convenient?" Mr. Testator hazarded, "At ten?" "Sir," said the visitor, "at ten to the moment I shall be here." He then contemplated Mr. Testator somewhat at leisure, and said, "God bless you! How is your wife?" Mr. Testator (who never had a wife) replied, "Deeply anxious, poor soul, but otherwise well." The visitor thereupon turned and went way, and fell twice in going down stairs. From that hour he was never heard of. Whether he was a ghost, or a spectral illusion, or a drunken man who had no business there, or the drunken rightful owner of the furniture, who had that business there; whether he got safe home, or had no home to get to; whether he died of liquor on the way, or lived in liquor ever afterward, he never was heard of more. This was the story received with the furniture, held to be as substantial by its second possessor in an upper set of chambers in grim Lyons Inn.

GENERAL GARIBALDI AND HIS STAFF.

We publish on the following page a fine group, representing Garibaldi and his principal officers. They are the heroes of the day, and their portraits should be placed on record.

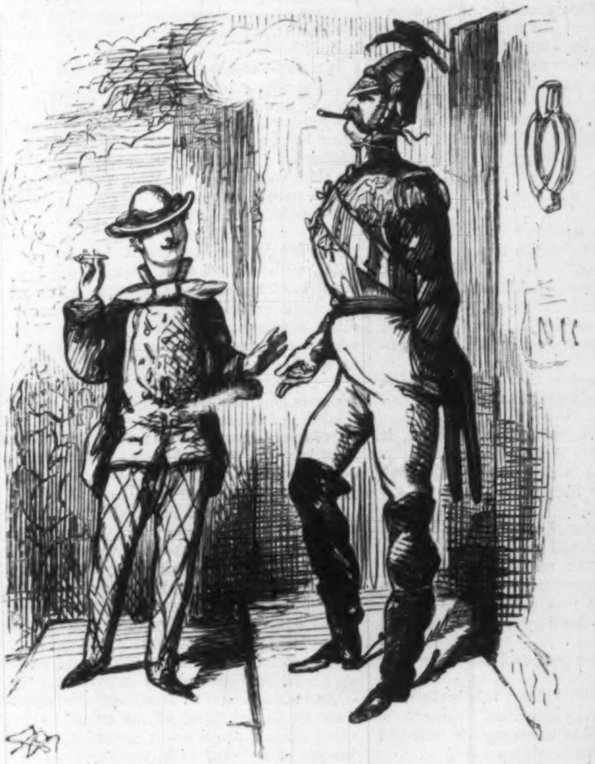
Of the Chief himself it is not necessary to say any thing. In our number for June 9 we published a fine portrait of the General, with a pretty full biography. His right-hand man, Colonel Türr, merits a brief sketch. He is quite a young man—only thirty-five—a Hungarian by birth, and a soldier by trade. Serving on one occasion in Italy, in the Austrian ranks, he entered a house where he found two Croat soldiers outrageously insulting two beautiful girls. Fired with indignation, the young officer fell upon the brutes, punished them, and rescued the girls. This and other similar experiences filled him with disgust for the service in which he was; and at the first sign of rebellion in Hungary he joined the insurgents, and fought bravely throughout the war. When the Crimean campaign began, Colonel Türr accepted a commission from England, and was dispatched into the Principalities to buy horses. There he was seized by the Austrians, and thrust into a dungeon from whose roof the water dripped incessantly. The English commander, on hearing of his capture, instantly demanded his release, which, after some delay, was granted by the Austrians; but nearly four months' confinement in his damp prison had given a shock to his constitution from which he has never recovered. He continued to serve in the British ranks till the close of the war; then, thirsting for more opportunities of distinction, he went over to Circassia, joined Schamyl, and fought the Russians until his overworked constitution gave way entirely, and he was prostrated, in a strange country, without money and without friends. He was supposed to be dead, when the news of the outbreak of the Italian war reached the mountains of Circassia. Roused by the war-cry, he rose from his bed, started by the nearest road, reached Milan in six days, and joined Garibaldi. In that brief campaign he fought nobly by the side of Garibaldi. At length, in one of the Alpine skirmishes, he was shot in the arm and left for dead. Rescued by a humane Italian lady, he was nursed tenderly for many months, and was almost convalescent when the news reached him that Garibaldi had sailed for Sicily. His subsequent career is fresh in the memory of all readers. He is always foremost in the fight: in the hottest encounters it seems to be an ever-recurring struggle between Garibaldi and Türr which shall expose himself the most to shelter the other. He has already been wounded once in the leg, but continues to perform his duties as General of Division as though nothing had happened. General Türr has been the hero of a romantic adventure. While in England, a young lady of beauty, rank, and large fortune fell in love with him, and it was intimated to him that her parents would not oppose the match. He instantly replied that, had she been poor, he would willingly have sought her hand; but so many "foreign adventurers" had mended their fortunes by marrying rich wives in England that he, for one, intended to pursue a different course.

Of most of the other officers depicted in our engraving there is very little to be said. General Bixio, like Garibaldi, was a sailor by trade. Twelve years ago, when Italy appeared to be awakening, he left his ship, joined Garibaldi at Rome, and fought out the war by his side. Last year, when hostilities were renewed, Bixio was one of the first to join the "Alpine Chasseurs;" and now he naturally occupies a prominent place in the Liberator's staff. General Carini is a patriot of old standing. When Sicily last rose, in 1848, he was one of the principal leaders of the people, and expiated his devotion to liberty by twelve years' exile. He joined Garibaldi before the departure from Genoa, and has since served faithfully in his army.



A CACCIATORE OF THE ALPS. GARIBALDI'S GUIDE. COL. TÜRR. CAVALRY SOLDIER. GENERAL GARIBALDI. TUSCAN VOLUNTEER. COLONEL BIXIO. LOMBARDIAN VOLUNTEER. COL. CARINI. ONE OF THE SQUADRI.

THE LIBERATORS OF SICILY—GARIBALDI AND HIS STAFF.—[See Page 539.]



"COME AND SEE ME ONE OF THESE DAYS, POTTS."

A DAY'S RIDE:

A LIFE'S ROMANCE.

By CHARLES LEVER.

AUTHOR OF "CHARLES O'MALLEY," "HARRY LORREQUER," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER III.

WHO has not experienced the charm of the first time in his life, when totally removed from all the accidents of his station, the circumstance of his fortune, and his other belongings, he has taken his place among perfect strangers, and been estimated by the claims of his own individuality? Is it not this which gives the almost ecstasy of our first tour—our first journey? There are none to say, "Who is this Potts that gives himself these airs?" "What pretension has he to say this, or order that?" "What would old Peter say if he saw his son to-day?" with all the other. "What has the world come tos?" and "What are we to see nexts?" I say, it is with a glorious sense of independence that one sees himself emancipated from all these restraints, and recognizes his freedom to be that which nature has made him.

As I sat on Lord Keldrum's left—Father Dyke was on his right—was I in any real quality other than I ever am? Was my nature different, my voice, my manner, my social tone, as I received all the bland attentions of my courteous host? And yet, in my heart of hearts, I felt that if it were known to that polite company I was the son of Peter Potts, 'pothecary, all my conversational courage would have failed me. I would not have dared to assert fifty things I now declared, nor vouched for a hundred that I as assuredly guaranteed. If I had had to carry about me traditions of the shop in Mary's Abbey, the laboratory, and the rest of it, how could I have had the nerve to discuss any of the topics on which I now pronounced so authoritatively? And yet, these were all accidents of my existence—no more ME than was the color of *his* whiskers mine who vaccinated me for cow-pock. The man Potts was himself through all; he was neither compounded of senna and salts, nor amalgamated with sarsaparilla and the acids; but by the cruel laws of a harsh conventionality it was decreed otherwise, and the trade of the father descends to the son in every estimate of all he does, and says, and thinks. The converse of the proposition I was now to feel in the success I obtained in this company. I was, as the Germans would say, "Der Herr Potts SELBST, nicht nach seinen Begebenheiten"—the man Potts, not the creature of his belongings.

The man thus freed from his "antecedents," and owning no "relatives," feels like one to whom a great, a most unlimited credit has been opened, in matter of opinion. Not reduced to fashion his sentiments by some supposed standard becoming his station, he roams at will over the broad prairie of life, enough if he can show cause why he says this or thinks that, without having to defend himself for his parentage, and the place he was born in. Little wonder if, with such a sum to my credit, I drew largely on it; little wonder if I were dogmatical and demonstrative; little wonder if, when my reason grew wearied with facts, I reposed on my imagination in fiction.

Be it remembered, however, that I only became what I have set down here after an excellent dinner, a considerable quantity of Champagne, and no small share of a claret, strong-bodied enough to please the priest. I didn't like that priest. From the moment we sat down to table I conceived for him a sort of distrust. He was painfully polite and civil; he had a soft, slippery, Clare accent; but there was a malicious twinkle in his eye that showed he was by nature satirical. Perhaps because we were more reading men than the others that it was we soon found ourselves pitted against each other in argument, and this not upon one, but upon every possible topic that turned up. Hammond I found also stood by the priest. Oxley was *my* backer, and his lordship played umpire. Dyke was a shrewd, sarcastic dog in his way, but he had no chance with me. How mercilessly I treated his Church!—he pushed me to it—what an exposé did I make of the Pope and his Government, with all their extortions and cruelties! How ruthlessly I showed them up as the sworn enemies of all freedom and enlightenment! The priest never got angry—he was too cunning for that, and he even laughed at some of my anecdotes, of which I related many. "Don't be so hard on him, Potts," whispered my lord, as the day wore on; "he's not one of us, you know!" This speech put me into a flutter of delight. It was not alone that he called me Potts, but there was also an acceptance of me as one of his own set. We were, in fact, henceforth "nous autres." Enchanting recognition, never to be forgotten!

"But what would you do with us?" said Dyke, mildly remonstrating against some severe measures we of the landed interest might be yet driven to resort to.

"I don't know—that is to say, I have not made up my mind whether it were better to make a clearance of you altogether, or to bribe you."

"Bribe us by all means, then!" said he, with a most serious earnestness.

"Ah! but could we rely on you?" asked I.

"That would greatly depend upon the price."

"I'll not haggle about terms, nor I'm sure would Keldrum," said I, nodding over to him.

"You are only just to me in that," said he, smiling.

"That's all fine talking for you fellows who had the luck to be first on the list, but what are poor devils like Oxley and myself to do?" said Hammond. "Taxation comes down to second sons nowadays."

"And the *Times* says all right," added Oxley.

"And I say all wrong; and I say more," broke I in: "I say that of all the tyrannies of Europe, I know of none like that newspaper. Why, Sir, whose station, I would ask, nowadays can exempt him from its impertinent criticisms? Can Keldrum say—can I say—that to-morrow or next day we shall not be arraigned for this, that, or t'other? I choose, for instance, to manage my estate—the property that has been in my family for centuries, the acres that have descended to us by grants as old as Magna Charta. I desire, for reasons that seem sufficient to myself, to convert arable into grass land. I say to one of my tenant farmers—it's Hedgeworth—no matter, I shall not mention names, but I say to him—"

"I know the man," broke in the priest; "you mean Hedgeworth Davis, of Mount Davis."

"No, Sir, I do not," said I, angrily, for I resented this attempt to run me to earth.

"Hedgeworth! Hedgeworth! It ain't that fellow that was in the Rifles, the 2d Battalion, is it?" said Oxley.

"I repeat," said I, "that I will mention no names."

"My mother had some relatives Hedgeworths; they were from Herefordshire. How odd, Potts, if we should turn out to be connections! You said that these people were related to you."

"I hope," said I, angrily, "that I am not bound to give the birth, parentage, and education of every man whose name I may mention in conversation. At least, I would protest that I have not prepared myself for such a demand upon my memory."

"Of course not, Potts. It would be a test no man could submit to," said his lordship.

"That Hedgeworth who was in the Rifles exceeded all the fellows I ever met in drawing the long bow. There was no county he had not been in, no army he had not served with; he was related to every celebrated man in Europe; and, after all, it turned out that his father was an attorney at Market Harborough, and sub-agent to one of our fellows who had some property there." This was said by Hammond, who directed the speech entirely to me.

"Confound the Hedgeworths all together," broke in Oxley. "They have carried us miles away from what we were talking of."

This was a sentiment that met my heartiest concurrence, and I nodded in friendly recognition to the speaker, and drank off my glass to his health.

"Who can give us a song? I'll back his reverence here to be a vocalist," cried Hammond. And, sure enough, Dyke sang one of the melodies with great feeling and taste. Oxley followed with something in less perfect taste, and we all grew very jolly, and then there came a broiled bone and some deviled kidneys, and a warm brew which Hammond himself concocted—a most insidious liquor, which, with a strong odor of lemons, was, at the same time, little else than rum and sugar.

There is an adage that says "in vino veritas," which I shrewdly suspect to be a great fallacy; at least, as regards my own case, I know it to be totally inapplicable. I am, in my sober hours—and I am proud to say that the exceptions from such are of the rarest—one of the most veracious of mortals; indeed, in my frank sincerity, I have often given offense to those who like a courteous hypocrisy better than an ungraceful truth. Whenever, by any chance, it has been my ill-fortune to transgress these limits, there is no bound to my imagination. There is nothing too extravagant or too vainglorious for me to say of myself. All the strange incidents of romance that I have read, all the travelers' stories, newspaper accidents, adventures by sea and land, wonderful coincidences, unexpected turns of fortune, I adapt to myself, and coolly relate them as personal experiences. Listeners have afterward told me that I possess an amount of consistence, a verisimilitude in these narratives perfectly marvelous, and only to be accounted for by supposing that I myself must, for the time being, be the dupe of my own imagination. Indeed, I am sure such must be the true explanation of this curious fact. How in any other mode explain the rash wagers, absurd and impossible engagements I have contracted in such moments, backing myself to leap twenty-three feet on the level sward; to dive in six fathoms water and fetch up Heaven knows what of shells and marine curiosities from the bottom; to ride the most unmanageable of horses, and, single-handed and unarmed, to fight the fiercest bull-dog in England? Then, as to intellectual feats, what have I not engaged to perform? Sums of mental arithmetic; whole newspapers committed to memory after one reading; verse compositions, on any theme, in ten languages; and, once, a written contract to compose a whole opera, with all the scores, within twenty-four hours. To a nature thus strangely constituted wine was a perfect magic wand, transforming a poor, weak, distrustful, modest man into a hero; and yet, even with such temptations, my excesses were extremely rare and unfrequent. Are there many, I would ask, that could resist the passport to such a dreamland, with only the penalty of a headache the next morning? Some one would perhaps suggest that these were enjoyments to pay forfeit on. Well, so there were; but I must not anticipate. And now to my tale.

To Hammond's brew there succeeded one by Oxley, made after an American receipt, and certainly both fragrant and insinuating; and then came a concoction made by the priest, which he called "Father Hosey's pride." It was made in a bowl, and drunk out of lemon-rinds, ingeniously fitted into the wine-glasses. I remember no other particulars about it, though I can call to mind much of the conversation that preceded it. How I gave a long historical account of my family, that we came originally from Corsica, the name Potts being a corruption of Pozzo, and that we were of the same stock as the celebrated diplomatist Pozzo di Borgo. Our unclaimed estates in the island were of fabulous value, but in asserting my right to them I should accept thirteen mortal duels, the arrears of a hundred and odd years unscored off, in anticipation of which I had at one time taken lessons from Angelo in fencing, which led to the celebrated challenge they might have read in *Galignani*, where I offered to meet any swordsman in Europe for ten thousand Napoleons, giving choice of the weapon to my adversary. With a tear to the memory of the poor French colonel that I killed at Sedan, I turned the conversation. Being in France, I incidentally mentioned some anecdotes of military life, and how I had invented the rifle called Minié, and, in a moment of good nature, given that excellent fellow my secret. "I will say," said I, "that he has shown more gratitude than some others nearer home, but will talk of rifled cannon another time." In an episode about bear-shooting, I mentioned the Emperor of Russia, poor dear Nicholas, and told how we had once exchanged horses, mine being more strong-boned, and a weight-carrier; his a light Caucasian mare, of purest breed, "the dam of that creature you may see below in the stable now," said I, carelessly. "'Come and see me one of these days, Potts,' said he, in parting; 'come and pass a week with me at Constantinople.' This was the first intimation he had ever given of his project against Turkey; and when I told it to the Duke of Wellington, his remark was a muttered 'Strange fellow, Potts—knows every thing!' though he made no reply to me at the time."

It was somewhere about this period that the priest began with what struck me as an attempt to outdo me as a story-teller, an effort I should have treated with the most contemptuous indifference but for the amount of attention bestowed on him by the others. Nor was this all, but actually I perceived that a kind of rivalry was attempted to be established, so that we were pitted directly against each other. Among the other self-delusions of such moments was the profound conviction I entertained that I was master of all games of skill and address, superior to Major A. at whist, and able to give Staunton a pawn and the move at chess. The priest was just as vain-glorious. "He'd like to see the man who'd play him a game of 'spoiled five'"—whatever that was—"or drafts; ay, or though it was not his pride, a bit of backgammon."

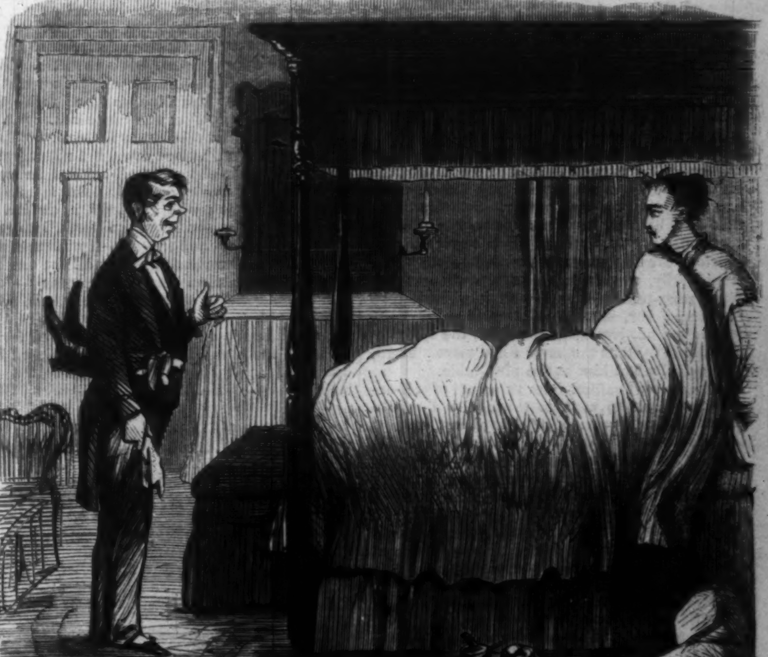
"Done, for fifty pounds; double on the gammon!" cried I.

"Fifty fiddle-sticks!" cried he; "where would you or I find as many shillings?"

"What do you mean, Sir?" said I, angrily. "Am I to suppose that you doubt my competence to risk such a contemptible sum, or is it to your own inability alone you would testify?"

A very acrimonious dispute followed, of which I have no clear recollection. I only remember how Hammond was out-and-out for the priest, and Oxley too tipsy to take my part with any efficiency. At last—how arranged I can't say—peace was restored, and the next thing I can recall was listening to Father Dyke giving a long, and of course a most fabulous, history of a ring that he wore on his second finger. It was given by the Pretender, he said, to his uncle, the celebrated Carmelite Monk, Lawrence O'Kelly, who for years had followed the young prince's fortunes. It was an onyx, with the letters C. E. S. engraved on it. Keldrum took an immense fancy to it; he protested that every thing that attached to that unhappy family possessed in his eyes an uncommon interest. "If you have a fancy to take up Potts's wager," said he, laughingly, "I'll give you fifty pounds for your signet ring."

The priest demurred—Hammond interposed—then there was more discussion, now warm, now jocose. Oxley tried to suggest something



"WHAT DO YOU MEAN?" SAID I, JUMPING UP IN MY BED.

which we all laughed at. Keldrum placed the backgammon board meanwhile, but I can give no clear account of what ensued, though I remember that the terms of our wager were committed to writing by Hammond, and signed by Father D. and myself, and in the conditions there figured a certain ring, guaranteed to have belonged to, and have been worn by, his Royal Highness Charles Edward, and a cream-colored horse, equally guaranteed as the produce of a Caucasian mare presented by the late Emperor Nicholas to the present owner. The document was witnessed by all three, Oxley's name written in two letters, and a flourish.

After that I played, and lost.

CHAPTER IV.

I CAN recall to this very hour the sensations of headache and misery with which I awoke the morning after this debauch. Racking pain it was, with a sort of tremulous beating all through the brain, as though a small engine had been set to work there, and that piston, and boiler, and connecting rod, were all banging, fizzing, and vibrating amidst my fevered senses. I was besides much puzzled to know where I was, and how I had come there. Controversial divinity, genealogy, horse-racing, the peerage, and "double sixes" were dancing a wild cotillion through my brain; and although a waiter more than once cautiously obtruded his head into the room, to see if I were asleep, and as guardedly withdrew it again, I never had energy to speak to him, but lay passive and still, waiting till my mind might clear, and the cloud-fog that obscured my faculties might be wafted away.

At last—it was toward evening—the man possibly becoming alarmed at my protracted lethargy, moved somewhat briskly through the room, and with that amount of noise that showed he meant to arouse me—disturbed chairs and fire-irons indiscriminately.

"Is it late or early?" asked I, faintly.

"'Tis near five, Sir, and a beautiful evening," said he, drawing nigh, with the air of one disposed for colloquy.

I didn't exactly like to ask where I was, and tried to ascertain the fact by a little circumlocution. "I suppose," said I, yawning, "for all that is to be done in a place like this when up, one might just as well stay abed, eh?"

"'Tis the snuggest place anyhow," said he, with that peculiar disposition to agree with you so characteristic in an Irish waiter.

"No society?" sighed I.

"No, indeed, Sir."

"No theatre?"

"Devil a one, Sir."

"No sport?"

"Yesterday was the last of the season, Sir; and signs on it, his lordship and the other gentlemen was off immediately after breakfast."

"You mean Lord—Lord—" A mist was clearing slowly away, but I could not yet see clearly.

"Lord Keldrum, Sir; a real gentleman every inch of him."

"Oh, yes! to be sure—a very old friend of mine," muttered I. "And so he's gone, is he?"

"Yes, Sir; and the last word he said was about your honor."

"About me—what was it?"

"Well, indeed, Sir," replied the waiter, with a hesitating and confused manner, "I didn't rightly understand it; but as well as I could catch the words, it was something about hoping your honor had more of that wonderful breed of horses the Emperor of Roossia gave you."

"Oh, yes! I understand," said I, stopping him abruptly. "By-the-way, how is Blondel—that is, my horse—this morning?"

"Well, he looked fresh and hearty when he went off this morning at daybreak—"

"What do you mean?" cried I, jumping up in my bed. "Went off? where to?"

"—With Father Dyke on his back; and a neater hand he couldn't wish over him. 'Tim,' says he to the hostler, as he mounted, 'there's a five-shilling piece for you, for hansel, for I won this baste last night, and you must drink my health and wish me luck with him.'"

I heard no more, but sinking back into the bed, I covered my face with my hands, overcome with shame and misery. All the mists that had blurred my faculties had now been swept clean away, and the whole history of the previous evening was revealed before me. My stupid folly, my absurd boastfulness, my egregious story-telling—not to call it worse—were all there; but, shall I acknowledge it? what pained me not less poignantly was the fact that I ventured to stake the horse I had merely hired, and actually lost him at the play-table.

As soon as I rallied from this state of self-accusation I set to work to think how I should manage to repossess myself of my beast, my loss of which might be converted into a felony. To follow the priest and ransom Blondel was my first care. Father Dyke would most probably not exact an unreasonable price; he, of course, never believed one word of my nonsensical narrative about Schamyl and the Caucasus, and he'd not revenge upon Potts sober the follies of Potts tipsy. It is true my purse was a very slender one, but Blondel, to any one unacquainted with his pedigree, could not be a costly animal; fifteen pounds—twenty, certainly—ought to buy what the priest would call "every hair on his tail."

It was now too late in the evening to proceed to execute the measures I had resolved on, and so I determined to lie still and ponder over them. Dismissing the waiter, with an order to bring me a cup of tea about eight o'clock, I resumed my cogitations. They were not pleasant ones: Potts a by-word for the most outrageous and incoherent balderdash and untruth—Potts in the *Hue and Cry*—Potts in the dock—Potts in the pillory—Potts paragraphed in *Punch*—portraits of Potts, price one penny!—these were only a few of the forms in which the descendant of the famous Corsican family of Pozzo di Borgo now presented himself to my imagination.

The courts and quadrangles of Old Trinity ringing with laughter, the coarse exaggerations of tasteless scoffers, the jokes and sneers of stupidity, malice, and all uncharitableness, rang in my ears as if I heard them. All possible and impossible versions of the incident passed in review before me: my father, driven distracted by impertinent inquiries, cutting me off with a shilling, and then dying of mortification and chagrin—rewards offered for my apprehension—descriptions, not in any way flatteries, of my personal appearance—paragraphs of local papers hinting that the notorious Potts was supposed to have been seen in our neighborhood yesterday, with sly suggestions about looking after stable doors, etc. I could bear it no longer, I jumped up, and rang the bell violently.

"You know this Father Dyke, waiter? In what part of the country does he live?"

"He's parish priest of Inistioge," said he, "the snuggest place in the whole county."

"How far from this may it be?"

"It's a matter of five-and-forty miles; and by the same token, he said he'd not draw bridle till he got home to-night, for there was a fair at Grague to-morrow, and if he wasn't pleased with the baste he'd sell him there."

I groaned deeply, for here was a new complication, entirely unlooked for. "You can't possibly mean," gasped I out, "that a respectable clergyman would expose for sale a horse lent to him casually by a friend?" for the thought struck me that this protest of mine should be thus early on record.

The waiter scratched his head, and looked confused. Whether another version of the event possessed him, or that my question staggered his convictions, I am unable to say, but he made no reply. "It is true," continued I, in the same strain, "that I met his reverence last night for the first time. My friend Lord Keldrum made us acquainted; but seeing him received at my noble friend's board, I naturally felt, and said to myself, 'The man Keldrum admits to his table is the equal of any one.' Could any thing be more reasonable than that?"

"No, indeed, Sir; nothing," said the waiter, obsequiously.

"Well, then," resumed I, "some day or other it may chance that you will be called on to remember and recall this conversation between us; if so, it will be important that you should have a clear and distinct memory of the fact, that when I awoke in the morning, and asked for my horse, the answer you made me was—What was the answer you made me?"

"The answer I med was this," said the fellow, sturdily, and with an effrontery I can never forget—"the answer I med was, that the man that won him took him away."

"You're an insolent scoundrel," cried I, boiling over with passion, "and if you don't ask pardon for this outrage on your knees, I'll include you in the indictment for conspiracy."

So far from proceeding to the penitential act I proposed, the fellow grinned from ear to ear, and left the room. It was a long time before I could recover my wonted calm and composure. That this rascal's evidence would be fatal to me, if the question ever came to trial, was as clear as noonday; not less clear was it that he knew this himself. "I must go back at once to town," thought I. "I will surrender myself to the law. If a compromise be impossible, I will perish at the stake." I forgot there was no stake, but there was wool-carding, and oakum-picking, and wheel-treading, and oyster-shell pounding, and other small plays of this nature, infinitely more degrading to humanity than all the cruelties of our barbarous ancestors.

Now, in no record of lives of adventure had I met any account of such trials as these. The Silvio Pellicos of Pentonville are yet unwritten martyrs. Prison discipline would vulgarize the grandest epic that ever was conceived. "Any thing rather than this," said I, aloud. "Proscribed, outlawed, hunted down, but never, gray-coated and hair-clipped, shall a Potts be sentenced to the 'crank,' or black-holed as refractory!—Bring me my bill!" cried I, in a voice of indignant anger. "I will go forth into the world of darkness and tempest—I will meet the storm and the hurricane; better all the conflict of the elements than man's—than man's—" I wasn't exactly sure what, but there was no need of the word, for a gust of wind had just flattened my umbrella in my face as I issued forth, and left me breathless, as the door closed behind me.

Captain Brand,

OF THE

SCHOONER "CENTIPEDE,"

A PIRATE OF EMINENCE IN THE WEST INDIES:

His Loves and Exploits,

TOGETHER WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF THE SINGULAR MANNER BY WHICH HE DEPARTED THIS LIFE.

By LIEUT. H. A. WISE, U.S.N.
(HARRY GRINGO),
AUTHOR OF "LOS GRINGOS" AND "TALES FOR THE MARINES."

CHAPTER XLVIII.

ALL ALIVE AGAIN.

BEFORE the hands were turned to from dinner, the cabin-bell rang so violently that the orderly's brass scale-plate fixtures on his leather hat fairly rang too as he opened the sacred door.

"Tell the first lieutenant I want him."

The dismayed soldier forgot to lay his white worsted finger on his visor as he slammed to the door and marched out on the gun-deck.

"Mr. Hardy, unmoor ship! Hoist a Jack at the fore and fire a gun for a pilot! Get the frigate under way, Sir, and be quick about it!"

"Ay, ay, Sir!"

As Hardy rapidly passed his old cronies, who were tramping along the deck as he mounted the after ladder, he said, with a nod,

"By the Lord! I haven't seen the Commodore in such a breeze since he blew that Pirate out of water at Darien."

In a minute the *Monongahela's* bell struck two, and the boatswain and his mates, piping as if their hairy throats would split, roared out, "All hands!" and a moment later, "All hands unmoor ship!"

"What the blazes does that mean?" said a cook of a mess to the old quarter-master, who had just come down from his watch.

"Mean? why, you lazy blind duff b'iler, it means that I've lost my blessed dinner."

"Hello!" says Rat to Beaver, "what's that? Unmoor ship on my liberty day! I swear I'll resign!"

No you won't, reefers, but you'll trip aloft as fast as your little legs will carry you—Mouse in company—up to the fore, main, and mizzen tops, and squeak there as much as you like; but jump about and look sharp that nothing goes wrong, or Mr. Hardy will be down upon you like a main tack.

Bang, from the bow port, and the union-jack at the fore!

"God bless my soul, fellows, this is the most infernal tyranny I ever heard of!" came from the ward-room; "all of us engaged to dine and dance in Kingston this evening, and—"

"It's 'All hands up anchor, gentlemen!'"—and away they all went.

Down went the mess-kids, and down came the awnings, and up came the boats to their davits; in went the bars to both capstans, the nippers clapped on, and the muddy cables coming in to the tunes of fifes; while above the running gear was rove, the Sunday bunts to the sails cast off, and the five hundred sailors dancing about on the decks, spars, and rigging of that American double-banked frigate as if they could always work her sails and battery to the admiration of their good Commodore there, who was looking at them from the quarter-deck.

"Massa Captan," said the shining ebony pilot, in his snowy suit, as he took off his fine white Panama hat, "dis is de ole pilot, Sa, Peter Crabreef—name after dat black rock way dere outside. Suppose you tink ob beating dis big frigate troo de channel? Unpossible, wid dis breeze!"

"Peter Crabreef," said the old sailing-master, to whom these observations were addressed, "you had better not give such a hint to that gentleman there in the epaulets; for if you do, you'll never see Mrs. Crabreef again! You had better keep your wits about you, too, and plenty of water under the keel, for the Commodore is fond of water!"

"Sartainly, massa ossifa! I is old Peter, and never yet touch a nail of man-of-war copper on de reefs!"

On board the pigmy black schooner near, half a dozen old salt veterans were squinting at the flag-ship and holding much deliberate speculation as to what all the row meant. Old Harry Greenfield, however, with Ben Brown, who were the gunner and boatswain of the little vessel, observed that, "In the ewent of our bein' wanted, ye see, Harry, it will be as well to have the deck tackle stretched along for heavin' in, and get the prop from under the main-boom."

Even as they spoke, a few bits of square bunting went up in balls to the mizzen of the frigate, and, blowing out clear, said, as plain as flags could speak, "Prepare to weigh anchor!"

At the same moment the *Rosalie's* gig came bounding like a bubble over the water with the tall gentleman beside the young commander in the stern-sheets. There was a great, nervous, bony hand now holding his, but with a pressure as affectionate as the soft dimpled fingers he himself had held the night before. Gig not steered at all wild now, but going straight as a bullet to the schooner.

The stirring sounds of the fifes as the sailors danced round with the bars in the capstans, with a beating step to keep time to the lively music, were still heard on board the frigate, and then came from the forecastle,

"The anchor's under foot, Sir! The anchor's at the bow, Sir!"

"Pawl the capstan! Aloft, sail-loosers! Trice up! Lay out! Loose away!" Almost at the instant came down the squeaks from aloft of, "All ready with the fore! the main! the mizzen!" "Let fall—sheet home! hoist away the topsails!"

Again were heard the quick notes of the fifes on both decks, and in less than five minutes more the anchors were catted, and the *Monongahela*, under a cloud of canvas, began to move.

But where was the *Rosalie*, late *Perdita*, all this time? Why, there she goes with never a tack through the narrow strait, lying over under the press of her white dimity like a witch on a black broomstick, as she shoots out to sea.

And who is that tall man on that narrow deck clapping on to sheet and tackle, though there was no need of assistance, or skill, or seamanship to be displayed on board that craft, except by way of love of the thing? And why does he, during a pause when there was nothing more that could possibly be done, stand by the weather rail shaking a great huge old seaman by both hands till he almost jarred the schooner to her keel? Ben Brown the helmsman, whom you have heard of on board the *Martha Blunt*, who, by some accidental word he dropped near to the tall gentleman, caused that hand-grasping collision.

It was not another five minutes before the other thirty-nine old sea-dogs knew all about every body, and where they were bound, and so on. They did not care a brass button for the thousand silver dollars they were to have from the tall gentleman. Not they! They wanted merely to lay their eyes along that Long Tom amidships, and to have a cutlass flashing over their shoulders—so fashion! Pistols be ——!

But where was the *Martha Blunt?* Oh, that old teak brig was bouncing along past Morant Point, with a good slant from the southward, pretty much where she was some seventeen years before, with a few more passengers in her deck cabin, reading their Bibles and praying for those who go down to the sea in ships, on that Sabbath-day.

One looking with her sad eyes out of the stern windows, and another doing the same, and both thinking of the same boy who had been dashed out of one of those windows; and though both of them knew the other's thoughts, yet they did not dream they were thinking of the same person at the time.

And where was the Spanish brigantine, with the exacting Capitano—who was a slaver in dull times—and his pleasant mate, who would think no more of sticking a knife into you than he did of kicking that skulking, icy-eyed sailor on board—detesting as he did the entire Saxon race ever since Cadiz was bombarded—and feeding him on rotten jerked beef. There were no prayers, only curses, on board that brigantine, as she dropped anchor in St. Jago that fine Sunday morning.

And where was our ancient one-eyed mariner, formerly in command of the colonial Guarda Costa felucca, the *Panchita*, named after his fat banana of a sposa? Oh, the Don—simply Ignacio now—had had a quiet confab with the deputy Administrador, all about some treasure which he knew was concealed, and where—for he had seen with his bright eye the light of a torch in a cleft of a crag—and he would go shares with that official if he would give him a little assistance.

"*O, cierto!*" Why not? And there was an old launch, with a torn lateen sail, which Columbus might have been proud to command; and, in this fine weather, he might sail back to Port Palos in her.

Oh yes! But, to keep all secret, he would merely take old Pancha, his wife, for crew. And so, with a few bundles of paper cigars and some dried fish and water—the only property they possessed save his eye and a pack of cards, and those valuables rescued with difficulty—they sailed the night before the blessed Sunday. *He* never came back, though. No blame attributable to the eye—that was as bright and wary an old burning spark of suspicious fire as ever; but then old Pancha held the cards, and this time she won. Very singular it was, *cierto*. If Ignacio had not gone back again for another bag—which was not there—why, the sota of a knave being the next card— Ah! we won't anticipate.

But we are all alive yet, except those murdered women whose white coral head-stones still stand up there in the cactus, and poor Binks, and those slashing blades of the poisonous, many-legged *Centipede*, who were eaten by the sharks. All alive, the rest of us; and wide awake!

CHAPTER XLIX.

THE ROPE LAID UP.

WELL, the positions of all hands were simply these. The icy-eyed man, without snuff-box, or ring on that mutilated flipper, with two underpockets in his shirt, and something in them, a pair of filthy old canvas trowsers, and no hanger by his side—where there had been so much hanging in the good old times—slipped overboard like a conger-eel, and swam on shore at St. Jago de Cuba. Without a real of wages—for he was to work his passage—and because he didn't feel inclined to work, the Capitano in command assisted his agile subordinate to kick him all the voyage.

Had, however, the mate presented that cold eel his knife for a moment before he jumped overboard and squirmed to the shore, that cuchillo would have found a redder sheath than the crimson sash which usually held it. Fortunately perhaps for the mate, he was not of a generous disposition—save with kicks and ropes'-ends—or else he might have regretted his philanthropy.

So soon as the icy-blue man had congealed, as it were, in the sun until he was quite dry and frozen again, he slunk away to the ditch of the old fort, where he thawed till nightfall, and then entered the town; hanging round the pulperias, smacking and cracking his parched lips for a measure of aguardiente, only two centavos a cup, and not caring for that fine, generous, pale, amber-colored old port sent to him by the good Archbishop of Oporto! But not having the copper centavos—though his own coppers stood so much in need of moisture—he continued to skulk on.

Presently, coming to the wide streets and to the outskirts of the town, he spied a large mule, ready caparisoned for the road, hitched to the door of a house, waiting for his owner to mount him. The icy green-eyed individual, disgusted for the time with blue salt-water, and being, as we know, a capital cavalry man—in dashing charges among the Patriots, and caprioling also up the Blue Mountains to Escondido—thought he would take another gallop on the dry ground, just to keep his hand and little finger in. So he quietly cast off the mule's painter, and flung his canvas legs over the beast, as if he belonged to him. And so he did; for he told the man at whose place he passed an hour or two that night, and who thought he knew the master to whom the mule had once belonged, that it had been presented to him by an old friend, whose name—as had the mule's—escaped him.

All this time the one-eyed man, with his banana woman, Pancha, were creeping along the water part of the land—with the Peak of Tarquina in sight—toward Cape Cruz, bound round that peninsula, and so on to the Doce Leguas Keys; while the man on the mule navigated by the Sierras del Cobre of St. Jago, steering by bridle for Manzanillo, and then to take water again for the same secret destination.

The cargo that both expected to take in there was about ten thousand pounds sterling, in mildewed coin of various realms and denominations; but it was there, and would pass current any where.

So they sailed and navigated. It was tedious work, though. And it took a week for the old launch with the torn sail to get into the Tiger's Trap—fine weather, and no sea—and there make fast to the rocks. At the same evening hour the mule with his passenger planted his fore feet, like a pair of kedges over his bows, in the fishing village near Manzanillo, and foundered bodily, going down with his freight slap-dash in the mud. The passenger, however, escaped, and sculled along by the shore, where he fell in with a poor fisherman who was about to shove off in his trim, wholesome bark, for professional recreation on the Esperanza bank.

Glad was old Miguel Tortuga to have a strong man to assist him for the privilege of joining in a sip of aguardiente and catching a red snapper or two. So they jumped on board and spread the sail.

Had old Miguel, however, seen the sharklike eyes of his assistant in the sunlight, or dreamed what a snapper was about to catch *him*, he would not have gone fishing that night; and it would have saved him much tribulation at daylight the next morning, when he was picked off a small rock by a fisher acquaintance of his from Manzanillo.

But we have nothing to do with old Miguel; and need only say, to console him, that his stanch boat went safely through the blue gateway of the roaring ledge of white breakers, and late Sunday night lay calmly in the inlet abreast Captain Brand's former dwelling.

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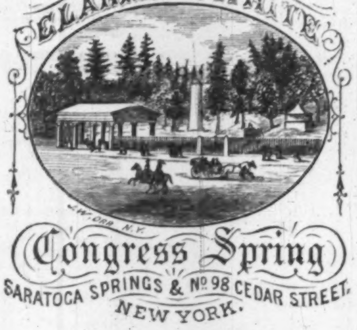

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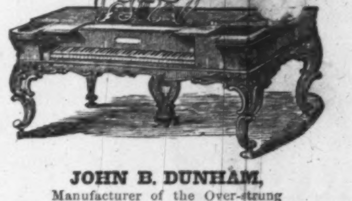

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